

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND  
POLITE LITERATURE.

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## THE PROSPECTS OF THE ARTIST PAINTER.

THERE may scarcely be conceived a profession whose position is more enveloped in complexity than that of the artist painter at the present moment. On one side all is bright with hope and promise, while on the other, all seems pregnant with menace and doubt. It is true that the prospect of increased demand is distinctly visible; but the prospect of an over supply shows itself almost as distinctly; the rapid pace of the latter threatening to overtake and to pass by the tardy advance of the first, before any advantage can be received by the profession from its presence.

In this country art has always been an imprudence. It has ever been cultivated in opposition to advice, and in a struggle against difficulties; and these characteristics have had so direct a tendency to reduce the number of its votaries, that there is scarcely an instance of a British painter of celebrity who began its study with that sufficiency of means that would be required for the pursuit of one of what are called the "learned professions." This remark may be so universally verified by inquiry, that superficial theorists would be almost led to suspect the possession of competence to have been an insurmountable obstacle to the attainment of excellence in its study. We are, however, inclined to believe that the real obstacle is the opposition of kindred combined with the result of a deliberate consideration by individual prudence. It is the inefficiency of promised reward that prevents those of ample means from looking at art as other than an amusement; and, while they choose for a profession some department more lucrative in its prospective emoluments, they promise to their artistic inclination the devotion of their leisure.

That amount of attention, however, that goes no farther than amusement, will never form an artist of eminence; and, consequently, nothing is ever achieved by so limited an endeavour, beyond a smattering of execution that, though very amusing to its perpetrators, is but little satisfactory to any one else. The amateur draughtsman, like the amateur musician, is, with few exceptions, circumscribed to a mere very-well-considering species of fame; and, taking what has been done under one circumstance as an earnest of what might have been done under another, they look and listen to each other's works with a very commendable give-and-take-description of forbearance. Let, however, there be a prospect of something like similarity of reward for high eminence in painting, with that afforded to the profession of law and medicine, and there will be many faithful to the art, who would now refuse to themselves the gratification of continuing a study in which they have a delight to enter a pursuit that they detest, and in which employment is only made tolerable by the amplex of the emolument connected with it.

We do not, however, expect for the artist the same amount of price that the same degree of talent would produce in other professions. The peculiar condition that connects itself with artistic creation is, that in its department there can be no accidental assistance that will aid mediocrity to pass for excellence. The thing done is estimated by its qualities alone; for even the address and general talent of the doer will not elevate it in rank as an accomplishment. Unlike the physician and the surgeon, he cannot assume a credit from some natural eventuality that would have occurred without his aid; nay, perhaps, even more completely, had the patient been spared his interference. Neither may he attain to the highest rank in his profession while it is yet a matter of dispute among his brethren, whether he is or is not an artist; although we have many instances of lord chancellors, of whom it has been asserted, even by their brethren, that they were not lawyers.

In almost all other professions but that of the artist, there are more high prizes than high deservings, and, first class talent not being an absolute necessity for success, mediocrity may, occasionally, be observed to take the lead. Excellence in those departments has little more than *seeming* to evidence its presence; and there being no standard by which that seeming may be measured, other influences come into activity. Their qualification, therefore, is not so much that of fitness for fulfilling the duties of an office, as for the struggle by which the office itself may be obtained. Thus does the man of the world, who is superficial, and the man of intrigue, who is unscrupulous, rush rapidly past the erudite and

the conscientious in the career of fame; and thus are human affairs misdirected by the specious, the presumptuous, and the corrupt, because the talent of seeming is, in those departments, of far higher consequence than the unassuming possession of the qualities it would imitate.

Seeming, however, in art, is the true quality of acquirement; the seeming of his picture being the real standard by which to measure the artist's knowledge. His position in the scale of art has no reference whatever to his personal seeming. Address, speciousness, and volubility are, in him, rather matters for suspicion than evidences upon which to rely; for he cannot in any way assist himself to a reputation as an artist by his writings or his conversation. By his works as a painter his reputation as a painter must be measured. Thus, supposing the instrument "Verax" to be professionally a painter, the flourish, confidence, and facility of his pen are not to be received as any evidence whatsoever of his knowledge on the subject of which he writes, there being in existence a more reliable evidence to which we may refer; for while the best evidence may be had, a secondary evidence may not be listened to. The best evidence, allowing (which we do not admit,) that "Verax" is an artist, is in his works; and if we find in them such a sufficiency of accomplishment as will show that the writer has chosen prudently his profession, we may be inclined to listen with attention to his assertions. But if his exposed works are such as to indicate that, after years of attempt, he has been only able to demonstrate that he can do nothing tolerable, we assert that there is in his organization some radical obstacle that is not only in the way of his execution, but that acts as a bias upon the judgment that has superintended the eye and hand to a misdirection of the efforts of both. The seeming of the writer "Verax" can have no consequence upon the seeming of his pictures; although the seeming of his pictures may either confer an interest on his opinions, or expose their superficial seeming to be speciousness of assertion and nothing else. "Verax" should take this matter into serious consideration; and, unless he is confident of surviving the test, withdraw himself in time from a publicity that is dangerous to a painter of pictures that are intended to pass for the productions of a living artist. The counterfeiting of the works of the old masters may be carried on with comparative security.

The knowledge of what description of seeming is that upon which the reputation of the painter must be built, has had the effect of confining the artist so entirely to his studio, that we can refer to very few instances in which painters have addressed themselves to the public through any other medium than the exhibitions. Haydon is almost the only instance; and he may be referred

to rather as a warning than as an example; for when he began to write he seems to have ceased to study, and there is no doubt that his literary productions interfered largely on the time that would have been more profitably occupied at his easel. This is generally acknowledged among artists, and the consequence is that your small dilettanti scribbler has assumed a domination of opinion on the subject that passes with the public for knowledge, from the absence of contradiction being received by it as an admission of the truth of his assertions. If the general public could know the contempt in which the real artist holds such lucubrations; or, if artists could be made to comprehend the mischievous consequences the uninterrupted propagation of such false conclusions have upon the progress of art among the people, and its consequent honourable estimate as a profession, a radical reform of the entire system would not so long have remained a consummation to be wished.

The affair is, however, now in a train to be accomplished by other means; and of all the indications of progress in the right way, there is none that we hail with greater satisfaction than that emanating from the Society of Arts, and of which we gave an account in our last number.

If we wanted evidence to demonstrate that a love for art existed in its greatest intensity in the mind of the true artist, we might refer to the fact that it was left to Sir Francis Chantrey to suggest, and to make pecuniary provision for, the establishment of a Gallery of British Art. The emoluments he had gained as an artist he has nobly devoted to the encouragement of that quality in others that he so eminently possessed himself, and there is now security that the succeeding generation shall have before them specimens of their compatriots' productions, that may prove to the foreigner, and to the general public, what is already known to the real connoisseur—that the inhabitants of these islands are equal to any artistic production for which there is a popularity of demand, and of which approval is not an affectation.

In the interim that must take place before Sir Francis Chantrey's bequest comes into operation, the Society of Arts have proposed a system of co-operation, by which the deceased artist's magnificent donation may be aided by popular accord, and that immediately.

The plan is brought forward so free from the usual restrictions accompanying preceding proposals relating to art, that we look upon its construction as a most satisfactory evidence of the progress of knowledge among that most respectable portion of society that furnish the members composing the institution that has adopted it. The first symptom of knowledge we are conscious of is the acquirement of a diffidence in our own judgment on the subject to which our attention has been directed. Where the necessity of long study to require profundity is once allowed, a hesitation to dictate without it is a logical inference. It is this hesitation to dictate that is the praiseworthy quality in the Society of Arts' proposal, which is thus worded—"To give the selected artist a commission, *without dictation as to subject and size*; to give a commission in such a mode, and in such terms as shall be calculated to obtain from him a picture which he would feel a pride in showing to his countrymen as his best work; on which he would rest his fame, and which he would offer to his posterity as the best specimen of his genius and ability. An incidental advantage in this

course will be that we shall be thus enabled to test whether works of art cannot be procured better by giving direct commissions to artists who have established their fame, than by an open competition, which addresses itself to everybody and nobody in particular." This is, to us, the healthy portion of the measure that proves an advance in artistic appreciation. It is an allowance to art of that which has never been allowed to it before, but which has always been allowed to everything else,—that it knows itself what itself can best accomplish. We may sustain this evidence by yet more in referring to the proposition, "that the first artist whose works should be selected, should be chosen by a body of artists themselves, rather than a committee of the society." This we believe to be the most material clause of the whole, for on the worthiness of such a selection would be perilled, the reputation of the painters choosing as well as that of the painter chosen, and a job would be almost an impossibility.

That the selection of the artist of each year involves more of the success of the plan than at first appears to belong to that part of the proposal, we shall be able to prove from some considerations that must be attended to. As, in spite of the assumption of "Verax" the mendacious, "that a knowledge of art is by no means an indispensable qualification to become an eminent academician, and that there are other and easier means of obtaining that awful dignity," we must assume that from among the academicians the selection will be made; for there can be no artist of eminence out of that body who has produced a sufficient number of paintings to constitute an exhibition; it will be noticed that, of that body, there are some who have passed the period of their best execution; so, also, there are others who have not yet arrived at that period; the selection must, therefore, be made with reference to such fact, or the result will be a failure. None are so cognizant of that fact as the artistic body themselves. Others may suspect, but they know it, and have watched the growth of deterioration from its commencing symptom.

We are here led to the contemplation of still one more advantage that art will receive from the proposed measure. Of all the evils attributed to the distinctions in art conferred by the title of Royal Academicians, that, in some cases it has prevented future study, is perhaps the one most sustainable by reference to instances. Although those instances are in themselves exceptions, we believe the instances exist. The proposal of the Society of Arts, however, if carried out upon the principles mentioned, will confer yet one more distinction, which will itself depend upon continued exertion; for an artist will not be suffered to represent the best of his talent by a specimen of its decay, even though he were himself willing so to delegate the responsibility of his fame.

In every point of view the proposal of the Society of Arts augurs happily for the progress of artistic appreciation in Great Britain. It is most honourable to the proposer, Henry Cole, Esq., and to the Institution, and indicates more, much more, than it promises in words. It sets an example to the Commissioners of Fine Arts that must be followed; for a system that, after four years' competition, has produced but one picture, and that of mediocre quality, must give way to the method which experience will here prove to be more efficacious.

While such circumstances as the preceding are

promising to the artist an era in which he will be allowed to assume the position to which the peculiarly refined and rarely-possessed organisation required for success in his department confers upon him the claim to fill, there is another direction to which the rising generation of painters cannot help looking with something that approaches towards jealousy and mistrust. We allude to the government schools of design.

There is no doubt but that these establishments in various parts of England, as well as in the metropolis, furnish a far greater amount of increase to the profession of the artist-painter than to that of the ornamental designer. There are but few young men who, having once overcome the rudiments of design, will restrict their ambition to the invention of patterns for paper stainers, or models for quart pots; and "Why should not I also be a painter?" is the question that every young student asks himself upon the first consciousness of overcome difficulty. We do not dispute the right of all to do the best that is to him possible for his own advancement; we do but state the fact that the number of probationers at the Royal Academy is double what it was, the schools of design acting as nurseries to the students for that institution. Art has thus been singled out from among the liberal professions as one that shall receive an artificial impetus towards the production of an excess in its supply.

To many this will seem to promise nothing more than such an increased number of artists as will furnish a higher average of excellence, and a consequent improvement in the quality of the highest class of production. It is a rashness to pretend to calculate with distinctness upon the effect of a partially developed new ingredient, but we doubt the efficacy of this attempt to make even respectable art common. There were but few obstacles to study under the old system. The young student who really possessed the organization without which an attempt to become eminent as a painter is a melancholy delusion, had every facility provided for him; but he had none to accuse for having invited him to a profession in which there was no furnished security that promised a competence to be obtainable from labour. Now, however, have parliamentary grants established recruiting offices for artists in many parts of the kingdom, in which the exercise is taught by system, and so much of the mechanical process communicated as to cozen the growing youth into hopes and expectations that cannot, by possibility, be realized. The term artist is fast sinking into a generalization, in which mere routine and the custom of the fingers will have supplanted that intellectual superintendence that, having been supposed a necessity, did in some sort elevate it among professions.

We refer to this at the risk of some unpopularity. It may be supposed that we would confine the profession of artists to a certain class of society; but we have asserted in the beginning of this article, that if the individuals of one class, less in number than of any other, are found among its ranks, the class with means is that one; and we could illustrate our position with some of the most eminent names among them, as owing their distinction entirely to their own striving, without other pecuniary assistance than that resulting from the reward of their own labours. It is that the profession should remain upon an equality with any other; that it should have fair play in its strivings; that its early attempts should not be



stamped in the flood of mediocrity, through which, it must of necessity pass before it can make for itself a name and a fame and a permanence of employment that will secure to it a position, that we refer to the unfairness as well as impolicy of the present attempts.

We do not believe that one artist of eminence will be provided by the schools of design, that would not himself have discovered means for prosecuting his studies had those schools never existed; but we believe that hundreds, nay thousands will by their means, have become so far committed to the profession as to be obliged to its continuance for the mere chance of a precarious subsistence, which time so lost has debarred them from in other directions.

We hear a continued complaint that artists are wanting by decorators and ornamentists, and it would be reasonable to suppose that there was an immense demand for workmen of that description. On inquiry, however, it will be discovered that the price proposed is such, that the young man who has been seduced to devote his leisure to the study, finds that his former employment, though not ranking so high as artist to which his present has pretensions, was quite as profitable; and that, as far as pecuniary advantage (which was his temptation) has to do with the matter, his time has been thrown away. He, therefore, endeavours to make what he has acquired valuable, by adding to it something more; and adventuring his entire prospects upon the attempt to become an artist, he throws himself among the crowd of competitors, whose concurrence of mediocrity interfering with each other, reduces their mutual reward, and exhausts that species of demand that did, formerly, constitute the support of the artist painter during his progress to sufficiency of execution and consequent reputation.

If these schools are intended for ornamental design, let ornamental design embrace the entire of their study. The human figure introduced into ornament cannot be well executed but by an artist educated for the purpose. Educate an ornamental artist to draw and paint the human figure well, and he will at once cease to be an ornamental artist; for the lesser qualification will be sacrificed to the greater, and the price that would have satisfied the one will not be sufficient for the other. If, therefore, high art subjects are introduced into ornamental decoration, the artist who has been educated for the task must be employed on those subjects, or they will be failures; then employ a figure painter for the purpose, and let each occupy his department. It is impossible so to educate an artist that he shall be excellent in both, without despising the practice of the least exacting, or being so high in his demand, in comparison with the partitioned labour, that a compliance would be imprudent. Then, let parliamentary grants be confined to the manufacturing portion of their intentions, and let those among the pupils of the schools of design who have faith in their own capacity for doing more, rely upon their own resources for their means of study; so shall they be able to fully test their own fitness for the task; so shall they be relieved from the crowd of competition by which they are now threatened, and so shall the government avoid the reproach of having cozened youth into a department of production for which it provides neither employment nor reward. If the design is to strengthen the British School of Art in its higher branches, let the stimulus be applied at the top. Increase the number of

capital prizes, and the number, consequence, talent, and fitness of the competitors will correspondingly increase. Government having, however, chosen the undermining system, we congratulate the Society of Arts on having set the example, by commencing in the contrary direction.

H. C. M.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERA, HAYMARKET.

WE have received a prospectus of the intended doings at this theatre during the coming season; and on looking over the paper we find them to be on a gigantic scale; how far the performance will come up to the promise we cannot yet say, and but for the stimulus opposition gives, might have had some misgivings on the subject. But the manager has much at stake, and very naturally he puts forward all his energies to overcome the difficulties he may have to encounter.

This opposition, and the consequent difficulties, are entirely, we conceive, the necessary result of Mr. Lumley's own conduct as manager, and which we shall now discuss prior to entering on the bill of fare. Since his assumption of office, Mr. Lumley has been urged on to his present position by too much prosperity. Placed in a situation for which, from knowing nothing about artistic matters, he is of course not equal to—backed by influential parties whose interest was also mixed up in the success of the concern—Mr. Lumley has imagined himself possessed of imperatorial power over the artistic world, thinking that because he had command over the pecuniary affairs of the operatic department, he also imagined himself possessed of power over the artists themselves; and he has now to learn the bitter lesson, that in trifling with the artist he has been playing with an edged tool. With more consideration and knowledge of his subject, Mr. Lumley would have known that his destiny was in the hands of the artist, not the artist's in his; that with the management of the opera devolves also the consideration of securing an attractive and efficient corps,—attractive to command the attendance of the public, and efficient so as to continue that attendance. Year by year have the attractions and efficiency of the Italian opera diminished, until last year the manager was placed in the predicament that, in the event of the illness of Grisi, Mario, or Lablache, there was no second to fill up the space. Instead of introducing novelties that would be likely to interest and awaken public curiosity, he has persisted in bringing forward the operas of a composer whose works the year before were eminently unsuccessful. Of the ballet department no exception could be made; the first artists were secured, and success crowned their efforts; but the manager was ignorant of the fact, that there is a portion of the public who prefer the opera to the ballet; by neglecting their interest, he has hazarded the full reputation of the management. And what was the consequence? Dissatisfaction prevailed; the secret whispers of individual discontent grew into one loud uproar of growing dissatisfaction; the contagion spread, opposition was nourished, and at length a schism so formidable has occurred, as well nigh to overwhelm the stability of the operatic potentate's domain.

Mr. Lumley has now learnt this truth—that artists are not made ready at hand. His previous notions of a singer appear to have been somewhat similar to Mr. Wakley's estimate of a poet. He had an idea, that because every one

has a voice, that therefore singers were plentiful; just as Mr. Wakley imagined, that by tacking rhymes together he had arrived at the acme of the poet's art, and that every one might be a poet. The manager has now found that the loss of three or four leading artists is not to be replaced. He has ransacked the civilised world, and been unable to fill up the chasm thus made. If he fails in securing the services of the one fair star that has been entrancing the land of Germany, he has no one upon whom he can rely to attract a curious public. We hope this will be a lesson to all and sundry, the future managers to beware how they tamper with the artists. In proportion as a person stands high in public estimation, so does he expect remuneration for the talent he displays; and the pecuniary question only resolves itself, whether the manager can do without the assistance?—if not, necessity compels the outlay. Mr. Lumley, we have heard, thinking himself secure in the patronage he received, began to hack and hew at the salaries of those he employed—he aimed at filling his coffers at the expense of those who filled them. The "*genus irritabile*," only waited the opportunity to cast off the chain with which they were to be bound. The opportunity occurred, and, with one accord, almost the whole troops are marched to the side of the adversary—from the primas to the choristers, from the first fiddles to the drum, all resisted the attempt they considered injurious to them as individuals of professional stamp and character. Nor is it right to charge them with mere mercenary motives, as has been done—not that even the *amor nummi* is to be inveighed against—for, disguise it as we will, it is after all the great stimulus to exertion. Fame may be aimed at when the pockets are full, but the filling the pocket is the healthy stimulus leading to fame.

But whatever may be the result of rivalry to the hostile managers, and all whose pecuniary interest are concerned, one thing is certain—the public is the gainer by this opposition. We allude to one point more especially which affects the opera going body corporate, and that is the reduction in the price of admission. The manager, from the same causes we have before hinted, imagined that he had the public at command as well as the artist. He has again found out his mistake, for the schism which has now taken place, would not, perhaps, have had sufficient protection, but the subscribers were also dissatisfied at having to pay more for fewer attractions. Their point is now gained, and they will have cheaper all that the manager could collect, to allure them into good humour with the establishment. From all this the manager may learn one lesson more—that he ought to have made the same exertions to keep the vantage-ground he once had in public opinion, that he now is compelled to make to prevent the entire desertion of whole ranks of his original supporters, and we will now go through the result of these exertions, which is shown in the official programme which has been put forward by the management.

The first and foremost name is that of Jenny Lind; how far her appearance at the Italian Opera may turn out a certainty remains yet an uncertainty. The *Post*, the Haymarket organ, has positively asserted the fact. The *Chronicle*, the portentous mouth of the Covent Garden concern, comes down with a contradiction, from which there appears to be no loop-hole for escape, and that is, her previous engagement with Mr. Bunn,

which was signed and sealed in the presence of the English ambassador at Berlin. It appears Mr. Bunn's managerial conscience refuses any compromise; he has promised his portion of the patronizing public, the supporters of Old Drury, that she shall make her *début* in England at his Theatre—a promise he cannot compromise. The previous stumbling-block, which Jenny Lind asserts to have been the impossibility of performing in the English language, has been swept away by the concession on the part of Mr. Bunn, that she may sing in any language she pleases, from high Dutch downwards. The fair cantatrice is, therefore, if we may so say, fairly hooked—and, in still stronger terms, completely hooked, and with all the due twopenny formality of charge. If, then, she appears first at Drury Lane, half her attraction is gone; but we think there yet remains sufficient to repay Mr. Lumley's exertions to secure her. Mad. Carmen Montenegro sung in London, if we recollect rightly, last season. She has a fine voice and all is said. Of the remaining ladies,—Mesdames Castellani and Sanchioli are attractions of the useful kind; what the other four will do (Fagiani, Solari, Vietti, and Daria Nascio), report says nothing. We must wait the trial. Fraschini, who is announced as the great tenor of Italy, has yet to acquire the same title in this country. Of Gardoni, "who has been withdrawn, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, from the *Académie Royale de Musique*" (we quote the bill), report does not speak highly. Superchi is well spoken of. F. Lablache so improved last year that we now expect still more of him. Borella and Corelli are second tenors; the first a new name in this country. We now come to what we consider the shining-light of the bassi, the great Standigl, for great he unquestionably is; that he will attract on these boards, we ourselves entertain no doubt, although he is already well known in this country, and thus there is no chance advantage of novelty in his appearance, he stands on his own merits. And lastly, the Lablache; it is a pity he is growing old.

We have heard of no fewer than six new operas as about to be produced; four of these are put forward in the bill: Meyerbeer's *Camp de Silesie*; Mendelssohn's *Tempest*, written by Scribe; Verdi's *Robber's of Schiller*; and Rossini's *Robert Bruce*. Of these there appears to be a doubt about the production of the *Tempest*. The *Chronicle* inserted a letter from a Mr. Buxton, which seems almost to settle the question in these few words:—

"You may, if you like, flatly contradict every word the *Times* and *Post* have put forth respecting Mendelssohn having made any arrangement with the Italian Opera House. Up to the 16th of January, he had neither seen a libretto nor seen a note towards a new opera; and he is the last man in existence to make an engagement without being sure he can keep it. As far as Mendelssohn is concerned, it is all fabrication. It even depends on my letter, which I have written to-day, whether he comes over this year or not."

This note, it must be remembered, comes from the publisher, who perhaps ought to know something about the matter. The *Post* turns round with virtuous indignation, and deals out in set terms about barefaced assertions of a morning contemporary, falsehoods published, &c., all which are mere assertions on its part. However, there stands Mr. Buxton on one side, with his "all a fabrication" as far as Mendelssohn is concerned, while, *per contra*, Mr. Lumley is daily advertising his prospectus, in which the said fabrication is

one of the prominent facts put forth. Time alone will reconcile the discrepancies, and so we must wait; but, in the meanwhile, the belligerents seem still disposed to carry on their war of words.

As far as the ballet is concerned, it is the great attraction of the scheme. In addition to Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Lucile Grahn, and Cerito, there are announced Mlles. Rosati and Wauthier, besides a host of other dancing delights. There are, also, to be many novelties. A new ballet, by Paul Taglioni, which is to introduce Caroline Rosati; an original grand ballet, called *Henri Heine*; and a poetical ballet, "for the subject of which the establishment is indebted to the kindness of a noble and distinguished poetess;" besides a *grand pas*, to be called *La Constellation*. Here we have, indeed, *un embarras des richesses*, affording an instance of determined energy in the manager to overcome the difficulties of an overwhelming opposition. No sooner did he find himself deserted by his singers, band, and chorus, than, taking advantage of a little indecision which prevailed in the camp of his opponents, as to whether or no they would have a ballet, he sends out his emissaries to secure all the dancing celebrities of Europe; and in this respect there can be no competition. Dancers, like singers, are not produced at a moment's warning. That they will appear with the increased demand, there can be no question; but time is required for this consummation.

We look with some anxiety for the Covent Garden programme, in order to determine the respective merits of the rival operatic establishments. As the case stands at present, Mr. Lumley is strong, very strong, in the ballet department; the other concern has apparently the advantage in the singers, if we merely take into consideration the seceders from the Haymarket. The balance, then, seems to hang between singing and dancing. It remains to be seen to which the British metropolitan public gives the preference. *Roulade* versus *Pas* will be the case to be decided upon. A notable contest between a shake and a shuffle.

C. J.

#### TAKING STOCK, No. 4.

WE have some how passed by a lady of this theatre that, at least in one respect, possesses advantages over all the others. The lady we mean is Mrs. W. Clifford, and none will dispute, in so far as grandeur has to do with size, that she must take the lead, as being what Mr. Buckstone somewhere calls the "most extensive" female of the establishment. Mrs. W. Clifford is, moreover, a clever actress, and perhaps the only lady of the company, excepting Miss Fortescue, that is positively useful in tragedy, being a sensible and careful representative of a wide range of what is called "heavy business" that requires dignity of manner and absence of apparent effort. Her comic powers are also, after a fashion, often effective; particularly when she is exhibited as the better and two-thirds half of the family connection in which Mr. Buckstone has had imposed upon him the duties of the junior partner. On these occasions, her very hardness of execution is an excellence, and the veneration with which her spouse appears to consider her behest is countenanced by very apparent physical as well as assumed mental persuasiveness. Her features are large and Roman, and her attention to stage business most exemplary.

Mrs. Edwin Yarnold is an actress possessing a good deal of sentiment, and overflowing with pathos. Indeed, we are compelled to remark that there is perhaps an endeavour at excess in grief that is sometimes a blemish in her personations. It must be borne in mind that the sentiment of a comedy will not support the same amount of agony as those woes which form the subjects for the tragic muse; and when Mrs. Edwin Yarnold, as *Fanny Thompson*, in *Borough Politics*, is so overcome with wretchedness by two months delay of her marriage with *Frank Neville* that she droops like a plant that wants watering, it conveys an idea not creditable to *Miss Thompson*, and is, moreover, out of keeping with the character of the piece. The accumulation of evil with which *Juliet* is surrounded could challenge no more. There is a feminine dignity in suffering that must not be lost sight of when depicting the mere eventualities of common life; and extreme sense of affliction for those circumstances, to which all are liable, is contradicted by every day experience, forces an unnatural prominence in the farce or comedy into which it is obtruded, and is an evidence rather of manner in the actor than an exact artistic appreciation of the thing to be done. In acting, the offence is venial to do too little in comparison with the crime of doing too much. Let Mrs. Edwin Yarnold beware of this tendency, and not attempt to cram the woes of *Isabella*, *Belvidera*, and *Mrs. Beverley*, into any two-act farce in which she may happen to represent the daughter of a chairmaker crossed in her love for an apothecary. She will then play the sentimental heroines with much grace and delicacy of feeling, her voice being sweet and finely modulated, and her countenance expressive. It is not often we have to complain of excess in the qualities which Mrs. Edwin Yarnold presents to us so redundantly.

We have delayed our notice of Miss Reynolds from the difficulty we labour under, to exactly define what is the range of her characteristics as an actress. We are disposed to think highly of them; indeed we are inclined to place her in the very first rank among the feminines of this theatre. From the few parts we have as yet seen her act, there appear to us a latent richness of humour in her organization that will, ere long, make her an established favourite. Miss Reynolds possesses an expressive countenance, and has, moreover, the finest mezzo soprano voice at present on the stage. We do not advise too much devotion to its culture, for, in gaining a singer, we might, perhaps, lose the actress, and we have no such plenitude of female artists in the latter department, that we should be desirous to risk the exchange. Some attention to the science of music would, nevertheless, be of great advantage, and might place at once Miss Reynolds in the position Madame Vestris formerly occupied, and is now about to resign.

There are several other ladies in this establishment who are used to double some of those we have described. Miss Carre is pert and sharp as a *soubrette*, and Miss Tellyn is useful as a walking lady, but with these names we must conclude our enumeration of the female talent contained in this company.

Upon looking over the list of actors, it will be at once acknowledged that English comedy cannot be more than tolerably represented at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Farren is so inarticulate as to be unintelligible; and he may be said to be quitting the stage bit by bit. The only characters



that are now an attraction to the play-goer, are those allotted to Mr. Buckstone, and, sometimes, to Mr. Webster. In the fine-lady department, there is not one among them all that reaches even to mediocrity; neither has there been an effort to replace Mrs. Nisbett upon the stage since the departure of that delightful actress. Is it reasonable then to reproach the nobility and gentry, that they go the French play to witness the performances of Lemaitre, Rachel, and Rose Chéri, when the temptation to frequent the only theatre we at present possess is so very far beneath the foreigner in its character. It is idle to complain that habits have changed, and that the decline of the drama has been caused by the neglect of the higher classes, when there is such a justification for their absence in the quality of the performance provided for them when they come. We have no doubt whatever, that acting of a class that would excite an audience, would fill a theatre; and that dramatic performances would be again fashionable, when dramatic managers exerted themselves to procure attraction for their customers. The Haymarket Theatre is excellently managed in its details; mechanically it is good; but artistically it presents such a series of substitutes, that an audience is often disgusted at the grossness of contrivance that extracts from dramatic entertainment every quality that would justify its admirers in ranking it among intellectual enjoyments.

Thus has the absence of competition produced inertia in management, and large posting-bills that proclaim successes that are not, have superseded endeavour to obtain them honorably. The consequence of indifferent acting has caused indifferent writing, for where is the dramatic author, who would take the pains to invent a female character for a theatre in which there was not a female performer that could act it. *Look before you Leap*, is, perhaps, alone among comedies in want of pretension to a fine lady character; but either the consciousness of poverty directed the manager in his selection, or the knowledge of the uselessness of his labour paralysed the author when writing; for it is unique upon the stage in its deficiencies of interest for the female comic actor.

We cannot satisfy ourselves that this position of the Haymarket Theatre is the result of accident. We are rather tempted to suspect that it is the consequence of design. We believe the manager has a dread of stars, and fears to engage an actor or actress of talent, from the dread that it will be difficult to control them when they have been established in public favour. In order to carry on the trade of manager at the least expense, and with as few actors as possible, he only engages such as will play anything. The actress who could play *Lady Teazle* satisfactory, would perhaps object to act *Lucy Rosewood*, but the sufficiency for *Lucy Rosewood* would feel no compunction in spiffing *Lady Teazle*; and if the audience are careless, and the newspapers corrupt, the thing passes without animadversion; but the consequences to the drama are the same. Those who know what should be, and even now there are some such in every class of society, denounce the practice as a swindle—theatrical performances are voted a bore, and the theatre becomes a resource where nothing else can be invented as a substitute. The decline of the drama is not the consequence of intellectual people having quitted the theatre, but it is the cause of their absence. We believe, from all the signs of the times, that

we are destined to witness still farther degradation to the British stage, for nothing less than active competition will act as impulse on managers to raise the standard of their talent. Competition would compel them to secure the talent that offered, if not for the purpose of enriching their own establishment, at least, to prevent their rivals from becoming its possessor, and we should witness an approach towards our old system.

We do not, however, perceive any promise of competition for some time. The Leicester-square affair progresses but slowly; and the principles on which it professes to be based are anything but promising of good. There is a rumour about another theatre of which Mr. Macready is to be manager. Of any actor manager, he is, undoubtedly, the least objectionable; but while these things are being talked about, time is walking off with actor after actor, and there is none appearing to replace them. All is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Theatres are acting shops, and what is worse, they do not pretend to any other character. The only consolation we have is from the proverb, "that when things get to their worst they must mend." Now, it is difficult to imagine plays worse acted than some that we have seen lately; and as we know from the history of the stage, that these diseases are periodical in the drama, we have still hope, that even in our own time, there may be a resuscitation of its paralyzed vigour, and an escape from the control of those whose duty it is to nourish, but whose practice has been to subdue.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE COMPETITION.—No. 2.

In our last we made the proposed new Club-house the subject on which to hang a general argument on the Competition system, with reference to several points; we have now to continue and conclude. And lest the reader might fail to follow our present argument if we were to commence just where we have left off, it may be well to recapitulate the positions which we consider to have been carried,—they being the preliminaries on which we have now to proceed.

The system of Competition in architectural designs, no matter when or how it had its rise, has been of late years regularly on the increase. And just with the same regularity have the complaints of the architect against the honesty of mankind been on the increase too. And now it is set down, as natural principles of our world perfectly established, that the *homo* competing is an animal who may never expect anything but to be a universal dupe; and that another animal, the *homo* deciding, is by his unalienable constitution an essentially very wicked creature, scandalous and shameless, the perfection of the idea of a beast of prey, in thought, word, and deed, delighting in a perpetual swindle, and rolling the iniquity thereof like a sweet morsel under his tongue. From the first of these principles we have not dissented; but we have referred it to new grounds; the second we have decidedly denied, by these our new grounds for the first explaining the evil in a manner more honourable to the character of the species. The evil is the evil of the system, not the sin of the men.

We also have shown how the exercise of the common allowable, perhaps good, principle of favouritism by interest becomes in this case direct

injury and wrong; that, first, it cannot, therefore, be permitted, when the question is fairly seen,—and that, secondly, not only negatively so, but there is properly a positive obligation taken upon the honour and justice of the deciding committee that the winner by right shall be the winner by their selection.

Further than this, it may be claimed for the competitor that the decision ought to be made on principles quite apart from the mere personal opinion of the person deciding,—that the arbiter must look upon the designs, not as a matter of his own, he being at liberty to select the one most to his personal liking, so much as a matter in which his duty is mere judgment between the competitors, which is entitled to the promised premium upon the proper *data*. Upon certain understanding as to contingent reward, and upon certain principles of procedure as to the object of design, the competitors, as one party in an agreement, have every one made a large absolute expenditure for the benefit of the other party: the duty of this other, then, to carry out his agreement, to satisfy the first party for his expenditure, is to decide disinterestedly, by the merest calculations of merit between man and man, which of the competitors is entitled to the promised reward. And his duty is *no more than this*. He must judge by the merit standard of the competitors' procedure, not by any other, if pure justice is to be done.

But it is plain that in such case a competition would serve no practical end at all. The decision is made, and cannot but be made, if it is to be of any practical service, upon a standard which is not exactly that of the competitors. Individual choice must be allowed. A multitude of little matters come into play peculiar to the case, which to the competitors are matters, not of merit, but really of chance. To expect, therefore, the decision to be made upon the precise standard of the competition is useless; and anything else makes the competition a lottery. And here, now, is what we wish to be seen, that a competition is a lottery. The standard of the competitor, and that of the judge, are different standards.

Now we have a new plan of competition to propose; and therefore we do not say that competition in the abstract and essence, and in every possible way, is bad, when we now say that the present system, being a lottery, is therefore dishonourable. It is distinctly contrary to the spirit of our laws. At present, excuse must be granted on the ground of ignorance; but apart from this, the getting up of a competition, even should there be no favouritism or other unfairness—the mere getting up of a competition under the present system, is a dishonourable act. It is no excuse that plenty of people are ready, even anxious, to engage in it; to get up such a lottery is abstractly a misdeed.

Then look at the terms of this lottery. Perhaps the gentlemen of the Army and Navy Club are not aware that they are really putting into their own pockets by a lottery-trick—say £500. Their premiums are £200 for the "most approved" design and £100 for the second. Now £200 may be taken as surely not more than the *abstract* value of the best design they will get. Its *real practical* value is much more, namely, just what it costs to get it—the fair purchase of the competition by which it is obtained. They are supposed to be unable to choose the *one* Architect which will be best; if they were able, then the *abstract* value of the *one* design is the worth of it; but being

unable, there has to be added to this the cost of obtaining the one, or best, Architect,—that is the other cost of a competition. The Army and Navy Club pay as the cost of thus obtaining the one best Architect—£100! If we say £600 as the fair purchase—£800 as the fair payment for the whole competition—we are putting it low; and the money actually thus unfairly put into pocket comes to be, as we have before put it, £500.

Again, we shall look at this lottery in the light of some hundred architects every one purchasing his ticket and having his chance. The purchase-money is, of course, graduated; the expenditure of money and skill which constitutes the superior design is greater than the expenditure constituting the inferior. The abstract value of the best design being, as we have said, surely equal to £200, this is the purchase-money for that one. We may put some two or three more at about the same standing, apart from the accidents and chances which really rule the decision. Then the others will be less and less down to the least,—this being of the value of the money expended (being expended by *invitation*) and the small skill employed. Now a fair lottery is one wherein the sum of purchase-monies, after deducting reasonable expenses and profit, is equal to the sum of prizes. By putting the present to such a test, supposing a hundred competitors upon the scale which we have described, the prizes come to £300, and the purchase monies to at least some £3,000!

It is really too bad that the poor architect should be dragged into such an unjust system. What would the gentlemen of the Army and Navy Club think of us if we seriously proposed the following advertisement for them?

#### TO BUTCHERS.

*The Committee of the Army and Navy Club are desirous of receiving LEGS OF MUTTON from BUTCHERS. Weight of Legs ten pounds avoirdupois. A premium of Seven Shillings and Sixpence will be awarded to the most approved Leg; and Three and Ninepence to the Second.*

The Army and Navy Club cannot, as we have shown, *return a design*; they would not need to return the rejected legs of mutton. The designs are every one an expenditure for the benefit of the Army and Navy Club; the Army and Navy Club need not scruple to eat all the legs of mutton. Architects will be found to jump at the competition; so would Butchers. Partly the desire of the premium, partly the love of the fame, partly the self conceit of being sure of beating all competitors,—there is no real difference between the cases; it will doubtless be a very good thing for the successful architect to be so,—it would be just the same for William Snook, 50½ John Street, corner of Tom Street, three doors off from the Green Cow and Kitten, to be able to advertise himself as the real original winner of the grand Army and Navy Club Prize for Legs of Mutton. But the Army and Navy Club would count our scheme the shabbiest, dirtiest invention of the century. Let them, then, show us where lies the difference between Butcher and Architect! They would not eat legs of mutton swindled out of poor butchers in such fashion; why, then, profit by architectural designs similarly obtained? Let a few arithmeticians of the Club sit down, for the fun of the thing, and calculate how many millions have been utterly thrown away by architects in competitions! how many millions of lost outlay

and labour the gloomy boards of old portfolios contain!

The gentlemen of the Army and Navy Club might take a leaf out the book of the Aberdonians. The Aberdonians are a rugged people, dwelling on the confines of civilization and railroads in the far north. They are said to be descended originally from the Norwegians; and the characteristic severity of their race is fully displayed in the fact (if common proverb may be relied upon) that no Aberdonian was ever known to spend a *bawbee* (such is their name for the lowest coin of their currency) if he could help it. Yet how do they manage competitions? They have three architects; they have a competition of the three, and *pay them all!* Whether this practice is the result of any special generosity, or whether it is merely sharp *versus* sharp—that Aberdonian architects would not work on any worse terms, we do not pretend to say; but the Army and Navy Club might think over it with profit.

The present system of Architectural Competition is, on the whole, one of the very worst, most unjust, and ungentlemanly, schemes which the world is able to show. Yet that the abstract idea of competition is a good one in itself we cannot bring ourselves to deny. If some ingenious mind could but contrive the exact mode, there doubtless might be effected by it very much good. We will not hesitate to propose a plan. Let the employer advertise, not for *designs*, but for *applicants*. The hundred architects or more who send applications are selected from. Say half-a-dozen or ten are chosen. Let the terms then be that these shall send in their designs (being, by the bye, much more fully provided with instructions than at present), and let—say in this instance of the Club-house (the cost is put at £30,000) £500, or rather more be set down as premium, to be awarded to the several designs (to every one a share) in such proportions, and in such order, as may be decided by certain appointed arbiters. The whole of the designs to be then the property of the employer,—he appointing his architect, and doing what he will with his own. We present this plan for consideration. We are of opinion that equal or better means for rising talent would be provided,—equal benefit to the employer,—and in other respects a decided improvement effected.

It is from the employer that the improvement must come. It is of no use for architects to propose combinations among themselves. And we certainly believe that, as the present evil is the result of ignorance more than intentional wrong, so the proper statement of the question is all that is needed to produce public acquiescence in a fair system. The first step could not be in better hands than with the Army and Navy Club. Their competition has not gone far yet; they might arrest and improve with perfect safety. That they would be willing we cannot doubt, if we have made the case as clear to others as we ourselves see it.

And if our scheme is not thought satisfactory, let the subject be considered: he will be one of the best benefactors to Architecture and the Architect,—and, we may say, a benefactor to the employer too,—who shall be able to contrive a plan whereby the undeniable advantages of competition may be obtained, and at the same time honourably and justly.

K.

[NOTE.—Since the above was set up, the rumour has reached us, that it is already settled that the architect who is to have the carrying out of the work is Mr. Salvin. We will be glad to be enabled to contradict this.]

## THE FINE ARTS.

### "VERAX" AGAIN.

"THAT boy 'll be the death of us!" How despicable will have become the term "Verax" among the literary dominos that are used to disguise the pusillanimous calumniator in an incognito of courtesy! That a good word should be prostituted to such uses! The letter-writer has revived since our last for the purpose of creating a diversion in favour of Mr. Samuel Woodburn, after the castigation the dealer had received from the artist; and this notwithstanding the dealer had, in reference to the said "Verax" declared his "disgust at anonymous writers, and asserted that he never himself did commit so cowardly an act." There is nothing, however, so vile, but that it has its uses, and there is, consequently, some benefit derivable to the cause of art that may be extracted even from the ignorance and absurdity of a "Verax."

The triumph of truth is the discomfiture of error; but it is only when error has had the confidence to court publicity that it may be publicly attacked and publicly defeated. In "Verax" may be remarked one of those organizations to which all variety of fallacy appears to have an affinity, and to which every truth presents an irreconcilable repulsiveness. It is at once a hot-bed for ignorant prejudice and vulgar common-place. Like some venomous reptiles, however, who are said to carry with them the antidote to their poison, "Verax" has one redeeming quality; for his singularly-constructed mind impels him irresistibly to the publication of his viciously-conceived nonsense, that it may be contradicted. We have now nothing to say to Mr. Woodburn; he is in excellent good hands at present; neither have we much more to say to "Verax," beyond the contradiction of another fallacy that he has produced, and which we know to be one but too generally received among his class of strivers to think.

That Sir Martin Archer Shee ever did say "that it would be difficult to find as bad drawing in modern works as in the cartoons of Raphael," is a wideness of assertion that needs not the contradiction of the President of the Royal Academy to brand as a shameless fabrication on the part of his accuser. This, forsooth, is brought forward as the *ipse dixit* of "a gentleman above prevarication." Why, what is it but prevarication to delegate to another to state what he hesitates to state himself? But examine the phrase attentively:—"It would be difficult to find as bad drawing in modern works." Mark, reader, there is no qualification, no reference to any particular cartoon, or portion of cartoon, to any particular modern work, or modern artist; but "Verax" asserts that "a gentleman above prevarication" had told him something amounting to an assertion on the part of Sir Martin Archer Shee that Raphael exhibited in his works a talent for drawing *badly* with which no modern artist whatever could compete! Now we will ask any individual that has ever looked a picture full in the face if it is possible that such an assertion ever passed the lips of an artist? The phrase is so constructed as to be an impossibility of utterance; and unless it has been so garbled by the "gentleman above prevarication," or by "Verax" himself, through whose suspicious medium it has filtered to the public, we do not believe it had ever a foundation.

The truth of the matter may by possibility be this: on some occasion Sir Martin Archer Shee has asserted that incorrect drawing occasionally presents itself in the works of Raphael. But where is the ignoramus in art to whom this fact is not familiar? Where is he who would, on that account, refuse to that divine artist the reputation of having been "the brightest genius that ever adorned his profession?" "What genius, *senza errori*," says Haydon (the best modern writer on art), "ever enchanted the world? Give us the vigour of Michael Angelo, with all his violence; the dash of Tintoretto, with all his caprice; the colour of Titian, with all his want of drawing at first; the sweetness of Correggio, with his namby-pamby men; the composition of Rubens, with his flabby



women; the expression of Raphael, with his hardness of effect; but spare us from that poet, painter, musician, or moral character, who is so perfect that he must be admired without the gusto of finding fault; above all, spare us from the Grandsons of art."

That amateur has little comprehension of the difficulties in the path of the painter who supposes that perfection in design exists in any unimpeachable. Does he recognise perfection in any other art to be the undeviating produce of endeavour? We may be allowed, in illustration, to refer to our own Shakspeare as occupying a position more elevated than that of any other mortal, and yet how far from perfect. Is it necessary to the man who almost worships his excellence, that he should be blind to the manifold imperfections that accompany that excellence? We assert, on the contrary, that he only is most competent to value truly his highest achievements who is the most capable of detecting and pointing out the instances in his works that it might be desirable to improve or expunge. Take the first play in his works, the *Tempest*, and we find the following words given to *Miranda*, who was educated on an island, with no other instructor but her father:—

"I should sing  
To think but nobly of my grandmother;  
Good wombs have borne bad sons."

We might reasonably object to the system of education that suggested such a remark in a young lady; but we know it is an error, an oversight, an incorrectness in the drawing, that we throw out of our account when estimating the character of the innocent *Miranda*, and which weighs nothing in the balance against the acknowledged beauties that are so abundant in the pages of our great poet. Neither, on the other hand, is a reference to them as blemishes to be received as a want of respect. So is it with Raphael. Occasional inaccuracy may not be overlooked in eminence, however great, when that eminence is made a model for the study of youth; the distinction between an artist who knows and an amateur who takes for granted, being, that while one can give his reasons for his faith, the other is too often but a blind idolator, whose worship is an unstable affection. Poussin, the great admirer of that artist, said that Raphael was an angel in comparison with the moderns; but, in comparison with the ancients he was an ass. Poussin is now one of the brown deities of the picture dealing fraternity. Did this assertion lower the rank of Raphael? No, it did not indicate that Poussin had derived from the study of the Greeks a *beau idéal* of fine form, that he himself had never been able to express, but which presented to his mind a higher character of beauty than that expressed by the pencil of Raphael, although his estimate of that painter amounted to fanaticism. General agreement has since placed Greek art in the rank of nearest approach to ideal faultlessness. Inasmuch as all other art falls short of that, the endeavour at approach must be assisted by detection of difference. The endeavour of one artist to detect the insufficiency of another, is the endeavour to separate excellence from error, and to resist the blind tolerance of wrong that would set up a barrier to progress.

Raphael, the divine Raphael, was himself but a student, who was yet, at the age of thirty-seven, when he died, but planning the execution of still more perfect works than those he had already completed. Let, therefore, the true artist look steadily and undazzled at his glory, and examining his paintings, not so much as objects for imitation as subjects for competition, and indications of the orthodox road for study, let him rather endeavour to accomplish what was Raphael's intention than to repeat what he has done. In the course of this attempt he must discard from his mind all picture-dealing cant, and looking at the most celebrated works with an eye of scrutiny, have no hesitation to point out incorrectness wherever he believes it to exist. The simple custom of doing so will create in him the honourable reverence for the master; for he cannot so examine a work of real merit without the discovery of new beauties that

might, under less stringency of inquest, have escaped his notice. Let him, above all things, be guarded against the juggle of a name that presumes excellence where it has no existence. We will here revive the recollection of a circumstance that illustrates the silly consequence of such a delusion.

Some years ago a picture-dealer sold to an amateur collector, a landscape, said to have been painted by Claude Lorraine. The price was some two hundred and fifty guineas. The amateur's friends, after the purchase was made, suggested doubts as to the authenticity of the production, and these doubts at length increased so materially, that the amateur brought an action against the dealer for the recovery of the purchase-money. At the trial there were crowds of witnesses on both sides; there was no lack of "Verax's" to swear that the picture was a genuine Claude; neither was there any scarcity of evidence that swore positively to the contrary. To one thing, however, they were on both sides agreed—that a Claude or not a Claude, the picture was a bad picture. The jury being neither picture dealers nor amateur collectors, appear to have given their verdict upon the latter consideration, which was asserted on one side and admitted by the other, and the money was returned. The question however was not quality in the picture but parentage. The collector did not care for anything but the name of the master. If there had been proof of that he would not have exchanged his bargain for any amount of excellence by a hand unknown; and the whole affair furnishes us with an instance of that celebrity worship which takes for granted that a great name means a good picture. It is upon this prejudice that picture dealing has founded its prosperity. It is upon this prejudice that ignorance and tact is made to be a substitute for educated refinement; and evidence of the genuineness of the work is forged that the quality may be assumed as a consequence. But this is an absurdity, for any artist, let him have been ever so excellent in his happiest period, has painted bad pictures before he painted good ones, and—if he lived past a certain age—after. His rejection of one manner in order to substitute another, demonstrates a comparative condemnation of the first. We will go further, and assert that there are many instances in which the best picture of one artist may be a very superior work to an indifferent specimen of another who *worthily* occupies a much higher rank in the world's opinion. The estimation of a genius is not, however, gathered from his failures, but from his triumphs; and it may not be assumed to be disrespectful to the reputation of a painter, when the capacity for appreciating his excellence is accompanied by the power to detect his oversights.

#### MR. KERR'S ADDRESS TO THE ASSOCIATION OF ARCHITECTURAL DRAUGHTSMEN.

*On Architectural Education, with reference to the proposed establishment of an Architectural Society for the benefit of those connected with the profession in the capacities of Students and Draughtsmen.* (Delivered at the Meeting of the Association, on Wednesday evening.

WHEN I say that the present system of architectural education is exceedingly defective, I am sure I may appeal for confirmation to the experience of every one of you. And if I were to say that this is so much the case that the architect is perfectly anomalous among professionals, I really do not know of any instance by which the position could be confuted.

But, perhaps, if you are to understand me aright and fully in what I have now said, my meaning in the term *architectural education* must for a moment be enlarged upon. By *Architecture* I signify a certain Fine-Art; by *Architect* a certain Artist. Thus by the term *architectural education* I signify education in this Fine-Art—education in the work of this Artist—the teaching of a man the Art of Design (or, as I have on another occasion expressed it, the Art of the Beautiful) in Buildings.

There are certain other matters which in common practice are connected with this,—which enter into the calling in life under which the Fine-Art practically comes;—but with these I do not at present at all concern myself. They must not be confounded with the Fine-Art,—however closely connected with it in any system of practical action they may be, they belong to quite a different class among the matters of knowledge; they are not my subject. (I might also say, perhaps, that the complaint I have to make against the present manner of architectural education does not extend to these other matters, its adjuncts, in the same degree. The subject and the person I speak of are Architecture and the Architect as I have defined the terms; when I speak of the young architect, and when I address you in that capacity, I allude to the subject of the Art of Design, and speak to the ARTIST. And when I appeal to your experience for confirmation of my position that the present system of architectural education is exceedingly defective, now that I have thus explained the exactitude of the idea, I am confident of a response from every mind that can at all appreciate what the Fine-Art Architecture is, that the education of our young men for their future practice of this Art of Design—this Art of the Beautiful—is most inadequately conducted indeed,—conducted in a manner perfectly anomalous in its inadequacy.

Enthusiasts tell of Architecture as the grandest of all Arts, and dreamers dream of its genius-work as a very wide and very glorious thing—a noble work among the works of man. They point to Phidias, to Michael Angelo, to William of Wykeham, to Christopher Wren, and call upon us to count them great names in the world's history. They tell the pupil at the desk how these are brothers in his brotherhood,—he has entered upon a very honourable walk. And truly there is something in all this that commends itself well—this Architecture is a noble work. Look, then, for a moment at our young architect,—and see how his noble work is prepared for.

Scene first shows us the youngster just brought from school into the architect's office. Pupa has duly counselled him how he must be a good boy and mind what he's told; the "guy'nor" has duly presented him to the head clerk,—told him to make himself quite at home,—and hoped that he'll feel comfortable; and the future architect sits down in the full armour of a T square and a pencil and a bit of India rubber, and begins the Battle of Life,—he is to fight his way to Phidias,—he is Michael Angelo's little brother.

A few years thence, and "his articles are out," as he will tell you. The "guy'nor" expresses very much satisfaction with his conduct—very much indeed,—tells his father how he has paid very great attention and conducted himself exceedingly well—very,—a few slips occasionally, of course,—boys will be boys you know, Sir, we were once boys ourselves, (and the old gentleman nods acquiescence, and remarks that he was a shocking fellow himself when he was young—a shocking fellow,)—that, indeed, he (the "guy'nor") considers him one of the very best he ever turned out of his office,—he has no doubt whatever that that young man will assume a very creditable position indeed in life—he has no doubt of it. The old gentleman asks the "guy'nor" what is really his candid opinion, now, about that idea of travelling to Rome; and the "guy'nor" explains how it is most certainly desirable—very,—every young man ought to lay down a good foundation by personal study of the remains of antiquity,—kind of stock in trade, you know, Sir; and the old gentleman decides that he is afraid he'll have to give in. And all the rest of it,—the young man's articles are out, and he has received thus far a first rate professional education. Our concern lies no further, however, at present than as to what this said thus far first rate professional education has to show for itself.

Our hero's education professes to embrace a good many things,—planning houses from the beginning to the end, construction from the alpha to the omega, specifications, superintendence, and

so on,—perhaps measuring, valuing. But there is one thing more than all this,—and it is with this one thing that we have at present to do,—he has been educated for an ARCHITECT—the Artist in Buildings. And he who can appreciate this—whose mind is able to grasp at once the entirety of the grand idea—cannot but allow me that here there is a thing of essentially another sphere from the rest—and a higher sphere,—a thing of loftier nature, nobler skill, more exalted, refined acquirement. I had almost said—of more difficult attainment; and if you will take my words in peculiar meaning I will say so. To scheme house-plan, to contrive house-construction, are matters that (to use this common phrase) any man can do. But in the Parthenon of Athens, in the Cathedral of Rome, in the Minster of York, in the Hospital of Greenwich, there is something that reaches a higher height than this—something whose province our Architect now professes to be his,—and it is of this that we enquire—this thing of the loftier nature, the more difficult attainment,—How has he been educated for this name?

And when we cast it up—how much study and of what nature this young Artist has now passed through to fit him for the Artist's work—how much teaching and of what kind he has received in that subtle noble thing DESIGN, ART,—what is it? What if I were to say it is *Nothing*! Certainly if we compare it with the teaching of the Painter, Sculptor, Musician, Lawyer, Divine, Physician, Engineer,—with the teaching, I may very well say, of any other professional whatever,—it is really, strangely, *Nothing*! There is a kind of *picking-up* calculated upon, and that is all! Even taking Architecture at its present miserable value—a little art of patchwork, this system of pupillage is beneath even a little art of patchwork. And if you look on Architecture, not as it at present stands—confounded strangely with a maze of lower things—its very existence broadly denied as a principle of thought (for what can PRECEDENT be, but the denial of the existence of DESIGN?—Antiquity-rule but the denial of the power of modern mind?)—if you look on our art, I say, not as at present it has its strange fate to stand, but thinking of it, if you can think of it, as the wide ethereal thoughtful thing it is—the broad bright province of Imagination,—tell me then how it can be that the teaching of the Architect is so little a thing of moment,—how Painting, or Music, or Law, or Physic, contains so much more skill, demands so much more study, than this Art of the Beautiful? And it is in such a light that I would have you view it—Architecture in all its grandeur and freedom, an Art of Design. If Architecture is Greek precedent, then I may grant you that with Stuart at your back you are an Architect,—you need but the book of canons—the little articles of your little faith. If Architecture is mediæval Freemasonry, then I may grant you that with Pugin, Paley, and Rickman's Attempt, your creed does not much demand teaching. But if Architecture is an illimitable Art of the Beautiful—an infinite inexhaustible essence for the mind of man to draw up from the deep Thought-well of Fancy, its canons the mere canons of Thought and Nature, fully subtle, fully unconfined, uncontractible,—then your Stuarts and Brittons and Paleys sink into the insignificance of mere chroniclers of little corners of an empire,—this Art of the Beautiful—this Genius-work of Design—transcends their little limits as the wide Atlantic transcends the little circle that you see, and there are thousands of gallant ships upon its broad bosom besides your own.

When the Architect becomes an Artist truly, Architecture will assume among the Arts a place one of the very highest of all. It is simply because it is not understood—simply because it is—(this saying, by the bye, is not mine,—it is a weapon from the very enemy's camp itself)—because it is “the only branch of human knowledge which remains an exception to this century in its intellectual advancement”—simply because it is a thing its real full self not known—that it is placed low by even its admirers,

and by many excluded entirely from the beautiful circle of the Arts. And when the Architect becomes an Artist truly—when Architecture assumes its very high place—the student of those days will not be the student of these. He will not be merely taken into an office to do the office work—the mere drawing labour, writing labour, arithmetic, of house-building craft; it will be seen that there is a something apart from these,—of nobler kind, of more difficult attainment,—and to learn this—this Art-work—this Architecture—will be an object that a long train of subtle knowledge will be brought to wait upon—a goodly retinue of studies brought to serve. It will be seen that although office work may serve the end of training the pupil for an office clerk very well, his education for an ARCHITECT is quite a different thing.

If I were to enter upon a detailed consideration of Royal Academy studies, Royal Institute studies, University lectures, it would take time which we have not to spare at present, and serve at best very little purpose. Taking Architecture at its present value, every student who has attempted education by these means can testify to their inefficiency; and if we put the Art at its own true nobility, it needs but one grasp of the idea to see how utterly all these are a mockery. Neither is it requisite that I investigate the principle of instruction by the master's designs passing in the present way through the pupil's hands in the office work: that this may serve valuable purpose in education cannot be denied, but that it is at all equal to the whole end of education need not be claimed. The young architect—he on whom we are to have to depend as professionally taking the practice of this Art of Design, ought surely to be educated in some manner in the principles of Design—trained for a Designer.

It is manifest that no such training is had by the present system of architectural education. It is not had directly or indirectly; and the facility with which the carpenter or bricklayer manages in our day to set himself up for an Architect is just because the education of the professional is very little different from his own. The young Architect has had no training for a Designer; he has *picked it up*: and picking it up is a thing which, so far as that goes, the carpenter can do just as well. When a stupid man fails utterly and for ever as carpenter or stonemason or slater, his last resource is to turn architect. And not a whit worse an architect does he make on the whole,—frequently, I am ashamed to say, in some valuable respects much better,—than the “regular dustman” himself, even many a proud metropolitan that we could tell of. It is of no use to denounce the depredations of non-professionals; the professional must step out himself. The only way for our friends to keep the carpenters back is by themselves becoming more truly properly Architects.

There must be means provided for education in Designing. What is commonly called among us a School of Design would undoubtedly be of very great service to this end. Not a drawing school, though. Not a model office. Systematic instruction in Design is what is needed,—to teach the young architect Architecture—the Art of beautiful design in buildings.

The plan by which I would propose to effect this teaching of Design I shall describe by and by after I have propounded another project in connection with it.

No manner of instruction is complete until the pupil becomes the self-teaching student,—studies, thinks, reasons for himself;—the pupil being taught the truth is very imperfect work till it ripens in the student discovering the truth for himself. The School of Design which I have claimed is not all that is requisite. It is but preparatory—a first class to which there must be a second. Education under a teacher is mere preparation, groundwork, for a very great deal which the student has to learn for himself,—when he leaves the pupillage he is only made ready for entering upon another course of study—another manner of learning. Books come to be thought

over in search of principles,—not referred to as canons; doctrine is canvassed as opinion,—not received as dogma; a period of life of the most eminent and peculiar value is now entered upon,—the years between the boy and the man, when the work of pupillage is being gradually applied to the practical surrounding world, and the mind is energetic in investigation—thinking and searching and trying—following knowledge for the love of knowledge,—the years of that happy conceit, which is often railed at by the shortsighted as the culpable vanity of inexperienced youth, but which is the wise regulation of a wise Maker for laying a good groundwork of bold thought for the life that is beginning. Just as the ant or the bee lays up its store against the winter, so is the human mind in these years of youth, by an instinct as beautifully true, under the same good governance, unconsciously nerving itself for the race—the long race that will weaken it and weaken it as it runs. The pupillage of boyhood is but the preparation for these years. It is not itself the school, it is but the introduction. Now is the time of study. This lost, the loss cannot be repaired. The man at twenty is unfit for the work of forty; but so also is he of forty for ever unfit for the work of twenty. And if the theme of study be work of Fancy and Philosophy, so much the more is this the valuable time for thought. The world will soon drag down such energies as this,—it discords with them, distracts them among the multiplicity of affairs, confuses, scatters them in the quick hurry of life.

The School of Design being provided for the preparation, there must now be had some powerful means of study to follow it up, build upon it, perfect and apply it. And certainly, for this period, and for this subject, a very valuable principle indeed is that upon which the system of mutual instruction and collective investigation is founded which is so well known among us in the form of our many scientific societies. This principle I hold to be more valuably applicable in the early manhood than in any future period of life whatever; for in our every day public associations the mainspring is always in the energy of an enthusiastic few,—apply the principle to youth, and this energy is that of an enthusiastic many—perhaps I might say an enthusiastic all. And even when the principle spreads into debate and controversy, still it is valuable,—perhaps even on this account the more valuable. We differ in opinion;—we always have differed,—we always will. And this fact, which the thoughtless will set down as a curse of war lying upon fallen man, is in fact a beautiful scheme in Creation for effecting the grand purpose of Earth's advancement. Were we all of one mind, human nature would settle down and stagnate. But we are more wisely made; and by this very spirit of controversy

“Thro’ the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd by the process of the suns.”

An Architectural Society for young men, if such could be properly established, upon a broad basis to be secure, its face in the right direction, and with a few good leaders to guide, would be, I confidently believe, a most powerful means of good architectural education. Laying hold of the architect's mind at the best period for the energy and thought required, and providing him with an excellent means of encouragement, the cordial study of the Art would be, I am persuaded, directly and most valuably produced. And particularly am I sanguine of its good effects in view of the peculiarities of our special subject. In the Institute of Architects the principle spoken of must be admitted, in so far as regards any incentive to study and research among its members, to have signally failed. A great cause of this is to be found in the undeniable fact that the younger members of the profession are, to all intents and purposes, completely excluded from any part in its transactions. The principle is applied too late in life: take the architect a few years earlier, when study and research are his element, and your expectation may be a very different result. The study which is demanded must be mainly



over before the commencement of practice; complete establishment may be not improperly taken as equivalent to the complete extinction of the spirit.

It has been expressed as a fear that the supply of material—the production of essays and other subjects by the members—would be very likely a difficulty in the Society proposed; but I cannot believe that it could fail through want of this support, if once fairly and properly working. My view of it rather is that, with a careful spirited liberal guidance at the commencement, and cordial attention on the part of a few leaders, the means of supply for material would soon admit of selection. With a hundred, or even fifty, young men earnestly engaging in such an Association, surely the four and twenty subjects a year would be obtainable.

This Society I would have to embrace the entire class of the young architect, from the Institute down to the youngest pupil. If any one be inclined to demur against his association, as a man in the Omega of study, with the mere boy commencing the Alpha, I would remind him that such argument would deprive the world of all its great ones—if it were beneath the dignity of a Socrates or a Buonaparte or a Washington to associate with meaner men. Let it embrace the whole class, and upon a liberal spirit even then. For what is wanted is a Society for this class, not like what our Institute is to the profession, but like what it ought to be.

The School of Design which I have spoken of would be simple in its nature. A proficient man takes charge of a small class of students for their instruction in design. There might be several teachers for several branches, and junior classes and senior. The teacher's duty is to appoint subjects for design, and to criticise the designs presented. This is all I would propose as a commencement; but there might be classes for other matters,—construction, for instance, drawing, perspective, painting, practical work,—anything, in short, which might be found desirable. There are also many other amplifications which would fall within the province of architectural education; but a perfect School of Design would be of gradual, perhaps difficult, attainment.

This school ought certainly to be supported by the Institute; but I fear we cannot expect it, and, even if it were to be had, I should be suspicious at present of its government. I would connect it, therefore, with the Architectural Society which I have described. First, there appears no other means of obtaining that necessary support which the School of Design would thus obtain. Secondly, there would be a very valuable aid to the Society itself. Thirdly, I do not know where efficient instructors are at present to be had; and the Society would be, I believe, a speedy means of producing them,—for in six months I would expect a new school of architectural criticism to be established.

I have not been able to devote that careful study to my subject which is requisite to be able to leave generalities for speciality and detail. My object has been, therefore, more to show the grounds for the scheme, than to develop the scheme itself. The constitution of the Society would have to be arranged carefully and deliberately; I would be exceedingly cautious in proposing at the present any decided principle of detail. But one or two passing observations might be made as a conclusion. The expenses of the Society ought to be as small as possible—the subscription money as nearly nothing as may be. Exclusiveness ought to be avoided carefully. Better to explode through liberality than to fall cold and dead through selfishness and scruple. I would also expect that teachers for the School of Design would be had for generosity and not for fee,—their trouble being made as small as possible, as much a pleasure as possible, and as much as possible an honour to be desired. Students' fees would be well to be nothing,—instruction free. Secret committee work must be none,—the government must be open, a management by delegates, not dominion of rulers over subjects.

Now I have said what I have to say. I leave it for consideration and inquiry. For my own part I am only fully convinced that something of the kind I have described might with great benefit be established; and I hope the moving spirits will be found to carry it into effect, as a means, not only of the advancement of our beautiful Art in the present generation, but also (it may be said without hesitancy) of its regeneration from its present strange obscurity, confusion, disguise, and error, to its true free height as one of the noblest works of the intellect of man.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

FEBRUARY 3.—W. F. Cooke, Esq., V.P., in the chair.

D. Maclise, Esq., R.A.; C. L. Eastlake, Esq., R.A.; Thomas Webster, Esq., R.A.; J. C. Horsley, C. A. Cole, and G. Perry, Esqrs, were elected members.

Digby Wyatt, Esq., read an Essay on the Art of Mosaic Ancient and Modern.—The author commenced by stating that the most cursory glance at the subject must convince that this art, taking the form of either pavement or mural decoration, has been connected with most of the noblest efforts of architectural genius at all ages, and, as it is the wish of many at the present time to effect the revival of this art, he would endeavour to convey as clear an idea as possible of the natural history and condition of this graceful handmaid to the science of decoration. The first positive notice of the existence of such an art occurs in the sixth verse of the first chapter of the book of Esther, wherein an account of the riches and luxury of the palace of Ahasuerus is mentioned, and that passage clearly establishes the fact that the Persians were acquainted with the art, and it is supposed communicated it to the Greeks, from whom the Romans obtained their first specimens. Ciampini divides the art into four principal varieties, called Tesselatum, Scetile, Figlinum, and Vermiculatum. The first, the Opus Tesselatum (probably the most ancient); this kind of mosaic consisted of small cubes of marble, seldom averaging more than three quarters of an inch. The best specimens of this kind of tessela occur at Pompeii, and in the Vatican. The second division of the art, the Opus Scetile was also applied to pavements, and it is in this description of mosaic that the simple, yet magnificent pavement of the Pantheon at Rome is executed. This variety of mosaic was formed of thin slices of different coloured marbles, cut into slabs of a given form. The Opus Figlinum were more generally employed in mural decorations, and, according to Pliny, was first used in the decoration of the Baths of Agrippa, behind the Pantheon; it consisted of figures, fruits, ornaments, &c., by means of small cubes of vitreous composition composed of allumini, and some metallic oxide to colour it; no specimen of this description of mosaic has ever been discovered in England. The fourth description of mosaic, or Opus Vermiculatum is subdivided by Ciampini into three varieties. The Opus Major generally employed in large pavements or ceilings, to represent the figures of gods, centaurs, &c. The Opus Medium was a much finer kind of mosaic and was generally applicable to walls. The third division Opus Minor, or Opus Vermiculatum was the finest and most elaborate of all the ancient Roman mosaics, and consisted of the most delicate pictures, formed entirely by minute pieces of marble and fettle work, many of the stripes being only the twentieth of an inch across. The most beautiful specimen that has been preserved to us is the one usually known by the name of Pliny's doves (a copy of which in mosaics was exhibited). There is one kind of mosaic which the author has observed at Pompeii, and which he considers may not be inaptly termed the opus incertum of mosaics, composed of all sorts and kinds of marbles put together in irregular shapes, and when united into a mass with cement, and laid on the floor prepared to receive it, is reduced to a polished face by friction. In completing the sketch of this art under the Romans, the author stated that the preparation ordinarily made by them for

the reception of the mosaics, consisted in their first placing a layer of large stones, or dints, but with very little cement on the ground; upon this was placed a course of concrete, composed of smaller stones and lime, beaten and rammed with great care; upon this a third layer of cement was placed; the tesserae, or mosaic, were then placed, and over the whole was poured liquid cement, so as to perfectly fill up the interstices between the cubes. During the reigns of the twelve Caesars, this art rose to an unexampled popularity; but during the reign of Adrian (A.D. 138) to that of Caracalla, the art appears to have lost in quality; after the year 220, it became obscured by the clouds which swept the Roman empire.

From the time of Constantine three varieties arose, which obtained universally in Italy from the fourth to the fourteenth century, and during nearly one thousand years changed but little either in principle or design. The Emperor Alexander Severus (A.D. 222 to 255) brought with him from Alexandria great quantities of porphyry and serpentine, which he caused to be worked into small squares and triangles, and variously combined, thereby laying the foundation of this art, which formed the pavement of all the rich Italian churches. We have an interesting specimen in Westminster Abbey, referred to the year 1260.

The author, after tracing the history on to its decline, and giving some account of the encaustic tiles, proceeded to state the circumstances which had of late years led to its partial revival. He also gave a detailed description of the processes of manufacture employed by Messrs. Singer and Pether, and Messrs. Minton and Co., and concluded by urging on architects and the public generally the applicability of the manufacture to the purposes of decoration.

The meeting adjourned after passing a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Wyatt, for his communication.

The rooms were filled with beautiful specimens of ancient and modern works of art in mosaic. There were some fine Florentine mosaics, contributed by Mr. Brown; modern glass mosaics of exquisite workmanship, executed by Mr. Pether and Mr. Singer; encaustic tiles by Mr. Blashfield; mosaic tesserae by Messrs. Minton; and a large collection of elaborate coloured drawings, contributed by Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Wyatt, and Mr. Owen Jones.

ARTISTICAL POSITION IN PARIS.—Paul Gayrard, the clever sculptor, whose miniature works are so well known to all, has built for himself, in the Rue de Laval, a small house—a veritable nest for an artist. On the first floor is a suite of small apartments. The ground floor is a vast workshop divided into smaller workshops, moulding rooms, and secret apartments from which the labours of the master emanate in all their completeness; the modelling room, garnished with sketches, essays, and plaster casts of every hue, contains a horse complete, another in skeleton, and also the living animal; an ever present model, that waits patiently in his stall for his turn to sit or stand; with a large stove for drying the plasters and tempering the apartment to the nude models. We then enter the receiving room, where, in the morning, Gayrard gives audience to the nobility and gentry who honour him with their commands; and where, in the evening, Madame Gayrard receives company upon her Friday soirées. The disposition of every decoration of this apartment indicates the superintendence of a woman of taste, in combination with the intelligence of an artist. Crowded with *statuettes*, bearing the names of celebrity, that all the world is acquainted with, elegantly interspersed with those delicate liliputian *chefs d'œuvres* so delicately designed, and so expensive to purchase; those gracefully composed groups of young girls; those minikin horses so full of fire and motion, as endeavouring to break from the grasp of the small squire, that struggles to controul them. Gayrard is the father of all these; standing in the midst like a parent surrounded by his children. On Friday evening this apartment belongs to

Madame Gayard, and is crowded with her guests, the original of all these charming *statuettes*, are her dear friends; and with them come a plenitude of artists of renown, her husbands brethren. That is Geniole, who was such a mad wag before his serious application phase exhibited itself, but who now, after five years of severe study, and his tour in the East and Italy, where he has finished various government commissions, challenges competition with the best. Geniole is preparing a large picture representing the agony of "Ugolino and his four Sons in the Cell of Hunger;" it is hoped that he will finish it by the opening of the Louvre exhibition. That is Eugene Isabeey, the most brilliant among the French colourists, and the best painter of marine subjects; this is Alfred de Dreux, the animal painter, who now shuts himself up mysteriously in his studio for the undisturbed elaboration of some new master-piece. Here is Achille Giroux, who is of the same school; and Rousseau, the excellent painter of still life; and Perignon, the French Lawrence; and the statutory Etex; indeed the entire Avenue Frochot, that nursery for artists, who are to be found constantly with their neighbour of the Rue Laval. Mingled with all these are the literary lions of the time, forming, together, what may now be termed the aristocracy of Paris. How much would the rank of artist be elevated in this country if such re-unions could be established among their celebrities. There is no class of the community that could choose their guests with so much privilege of selection as the English painter. Verily, the science of living is but little comprehended among us, or such opportunities would not have been so long neglected.

SIR.—You have given us very stale stuff in the report of Mr. Hollins's lecture. It is entirely extracted, even whole sentences, from Mr. W. B. S. Taylor's work, in 2 vols., on the Rise and Progress of the Fine Arts in England, published seven or eight years ago.

I wish also to notice the personalities towards a journal devoted to the same subject of Fine Art as yours, which I should like better if it were more free from "Yankeeism."

I make these remarks in a friendly spirit.

Yours, &c., a Subscriber, B. A.

[We reply to the first paragraph of our correspondent's letter, by stating it to be our belief that a lecture on the subject must, from its nature, be a compilation. To the second paragraph, we can only assert that we have never indulged in attack unless the task has been imposed upon us as a duty. Let the work in question be carried on upon the principles of usefulness to those things to which it pretends devotion, and it shall receive nothing from us but approbation.—EDIT.]

#### THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Thursday was produced at this theatre, a concatenation that was designated in the bills, in very large letters, to be an original comedy, in five acts, called *The School for Scheming*. In it we had an attempt to illustrate varieties of inventions for "carrying on the war"—as the art of living is sometimes not inaptly defined—without the vulgarly supposed necessities of capital or labour. There was an attempt to depict a scheming Honourable that was everything dishonourable, and who sought to relieve his embarrassment by marrying a governess. There was a scheming representative of the railway-stages that embodied all the easily-concocted twaddle of "Jeames" in *Punch*;—a scheming schoolmistress, who sought to relieve her embarrassment by marrying the right honourable; and there was a bevy of her scheming pupils; but there was no attempt to depict a scheming author, that endeavours to construct a five act play by the mere accumulation of a series of common-place profundities; and, when he supposes a sufficiency, spreading them over five acts as a general practitioner's boy would a plaster of Burgundy pitch, to make it as extensive as possible, without caring who had

them to utter, or how they might suit the characters allotted to each; neither did it undertake to represent a scheming manager, who having by the absence of competition become in some sort independent of an audience, takes their unanimous dissent as the very circumstance that "justifies his announcing the piece for every evening till further notice," and afterwards, to go the entire animal, and to exhibit still more contempt for public opinion, to lead the condemned author across the stage, amidst the hisses and hooting of his worn-out victims. This, however, which was not intended, was accomplished, while what was undertaken to be done was, with very little exception, a mere illustration of the now very stale topic "the decline of the drama."

Mr. Bourcierault has had one success, *London Assurance*, arising, as we must conclude, from having allowed a longer period for accumulating, and having had a greater amount to choose from, and having bestowed more pains in the selections. *London Assurance* may be denominated a clever five act farce, a production by no means simple to accomplish; but the *School for Scheming*, is a two act farce spread out into a five act play. Buckstone's *Macdunnam of Dunnam*, the capitalist—the railway promoter, and every thing else, was cleverly put together; to call it a conception would be ridiculous, it has been a hack idea with every private or public joker for a long period; but yet there was cleverness in the mechanism, and Buckstone was stupendous, he was the abstraction of a needy schemer, he was the green spot in the sandy desert, and good humour came when he came, and went when he went. The Honourable *Claude Plantagenet*, was Sir Harcourt Courtney vulgarized infinitely, and made to condescend to baseness for variety's sake. The remnant of a noble house, using all sorts of guile to marry an old school mistress, for her ten thousand pounds supposed, was biting at a bait that would not have tempted the most needy Hibernian fortune hunter, and a notion picked up in a chandler's shop. Mr. Farren could do nothing with such a character; for several scenes he did but repeat the text, and that not very distinctly; as the play advanced, however, and the opposition accumulated, he seemed to screw himself up to exertion, and several times rushed on as if to the rescue; but if Mr. Farren wishes to leave the stage, after his popularity has left him, a series of such characters, as the Honourable *Claude Plantagenet* would be most effective toward the accomplishment of such a desire. Of course we had a stupid nobleman. On the stage at present, even as the Irishman is generous, and the Scotchman a screw, so is the nobleman a fool; we had, therefore, *Lord Fipley*, who was no less a personage than a reprint of Mr. George Rodwell's Honourable *Edmund Spiff*; and was played by Mr. Selby, in, we believe, the identical waistcoat that was so effective last year at the Adelphi; Mr. Selby made *Fipley* tolerable, he was, indeed, the very essence of nothing at all; and if too unnatural to be attractive, was sufficiently eccentric to be inoffensive. Mr. Webster acted *Mr. Sykes*, a personage that, although well-known as a capitalist, and popular as a member of parliament, wanders into strange houses, which he has got possession of by loans, and taking the name of X.Y.Z., a money-lender is always spouting phrases ripped out of a boy's copy-book; supports the character of an usurer by being sententious against compound interest, lending cash without a note of hand, and buying shares in companies that he knows to have their existence in the moon. This man tells us that he married the daughter of a noble house, who called him a vulgar fellow, and one fine night ran away from him altogether, taking with her his son; that he was not permitted to see that son; and, on one occasion, when he endeavoured to obtain a look at him he was turned away with rudeness. This is said to an English audience upon an English stage, at a period when the contrary is so notorious, that you shall put your head into a tailor or a shoemaker's bulk in, we do not care what locality, and asking the question, you will be told, the father

has the right to the guardianship of the child against any. This nonsense is not produced at the *Ambigu*, but at the Haymarket, and is a specimen of the twaddle that is now forced upon an audience as a dramatic situation. What could such a character as *Mr. Sykes*, with his forced sentiments, be, but a wet blanket upon anything, and where there was so little animal heat to resist the infliction, it was fatal, and Mr. Webster himself, was the first that received unequivocal marks of general disapprobation. Then we had a *Mrs. Fox French*, a fashionable school-mistress, where young ladies received the finishing touches of education. The audience (after a long series of these common-place profundities, which are scattered, as it were, among the school-girls, until the audience had almost forgotten the ladies' pretty faces and their own gallantry), was permitted to be present during a lesson. The lesson was, how to put on a cloak after the opera—one of the young ladies acting the part of the beau on the occasion. We say, the audience was permitted to be present; we need not, however, be vain of the privilege, for the Honourable *Claude Plantagenet* was also present, and indeed, the school-room of a ladies' finishing academy is a sort of Tattersal's, or saloon of a theatre, or a Stock Exchange, (no, on the Stock Exchange you might get bonnetted), it is, however, a place that any body may walk into; for there were added to the above, my *Lord Fipley*, X.Y.Z., the supposed money-lender, but distressed parent, and *Craven Acton*, the son of the distressed parent, who has had his name altered by letters patent without any of the usual motives for such a transformation, for he is described as possessing eighty pounds per annum; *Macdunnam of Dunnam*, the swindling capitalist, indeed, the entire *dramatis personæ* of the piece were brought together so strangely, that in the innocence of our hearts we hoped and expected the thing was going to leave off, and that every next profundity might be the tag to the whole, but we were not to be let off so easily. Then we had a *Miss Helen Plantagenet*, a heroine that was intended to be sentimental, but was, indeed, one of the most unscrupulous, selfish, and calculating coquettes that was ever presented to an audience. *Miss Fortescue* acted the part very well, when there was an opportunity, but the author had been so eminently successful in destroying in one part every impression she had succeeded in making in another, that her entire want of principle recoiled upon her lover, *Craven Acton* (Mr. Howe), and he passed for a fool. In one scene, where he took by violence a ring from her finger, he even incurred some risk of being thought a brute. There were some other characters, mere make-weights, thrown in, without any necessity, from quantity being supposed to substitute quality. This trashy misrepresentation of English society was made to last for four consecutive hours, and it was eleven o'clock before it was over. It will very likely be reduced on its next performance; probably, *Withers*, a horse-dealer, who is made to serve a copy of a writ for a debt owing to himself, a character played too well by Mr. Brindal, will be better out altogether, then the extravagant insolence of servants, that several times called down the opposition of the audience may be obliterated; but nothing else will do to make the piece tolerable, than turning it into the dimensions of, at farthest, two acts; when, if it is not very new, it will at least not be very tedious, and Buckstone taking the whole upon his own shoulders, will, we have no doubt, make it popular. In its present state, it cannot possibly keep the stage, and an audience to look at it. No wonder we are caricatured abroad, when such misrepresentations of our manners as the *School for Scheming* is permitted under our very noses.—

THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### MUSIC.

DRURY-LANE.—Twice since our last notice has Mr. Travers appeared in the *Favourite*. We find nothing in him to make us vary from our first estimate of him as a singer. He has natural ca-



pabilities which, if properly cultivated, would make him rank high as an artist. But we would advise him in time to take care; he is studying on false principles, which, if persisted in, will end in the ruin of his voice, over which he has little or no command. Nor does he at all understand how to manage his breath, for he is almost at the last gasp with only two or three notes. He must himself be aware of the facts we state, and he ought not to allow the indulgence of a kind public to blind him to their existence; much pity is given now, because it is generally imagined that Mr. Travers is labouring under a cold; but the real and unfortunate state of the case is, that he has so forced his voice that the tones are almost all cracked. A few months hence, and, at this rate, the warning will be too late. On Thursday night, Mlle. Baderna, whom we announced would appear on these boards, and subsequently at Covent Garden, made her *début*, and was received with much applause. She possesses a very light, graceful figure, and is graceful and elegant in her movements. Her style more partakes of what may be called a prettiness of manner than force or character, such as Taglioni once displayed; but she is remarkable for the great precision with which all her motions are made; everything she does shows study and a perfect comprehension of the effect she intends to produce. She promises to be a favourite *danseuse*.

COVENT GARDEN.—Everything is progressing in the interior of this theatre at a most rapid rate; in short, almost all the rough work is completed. The first four rows of boxes are nearly, if not quite, finished; and the fifth and the gallery will be done by the end of next week. This rapid progress is, however, not to be wondered at when it is known, that day and night there are gangs of workmen, amounting to 500 each, constantly employed, making in all a thousand; and we believe we have authority for stating that 150 stalls are already bespoken, and many of the boxes of the pit, grand, and first tier are taken.

CECILIAN SOCIETY.—The second concert of the season took place on Thursday last, when Handel's *Deborah* was performed.

LIVERPOOL.—THEATRE ROYAL, WILLIAMSON-SQUARE.—Madame Bishop has been performing in the *Maid of Artois*—(We really do not see why this lady should not be called Lady Bishop, for such she is to all intents and purposes)—but not with any very decided success. She was so praised and puffed up in the London papers, that great things were expected of her. When, however, she was put to the test by her appearances in the provinces, there was great disappointment. The *Liverpool Journal*, in speaking of her performance, winds up, "We should not have been betrayed into so long a criticism, but that Madame Bishop has aspired to so high a place; and her failure has been so signal, despite all the laudations that have been lavished on her, that we could not dismiss it with a word." So much for the great success some of our contemporaries have attributed to her in the country. The other singers were Mr. D. King and Mr. Corri, who, both suffering from severe cold, were consequently heard to disadvantage.

Mr. Henry Smith has been giving a series of concerts during the week, at the Concert Rooms, Lord Nelson-street, with considerable success. From hence he goes to Reading.

Mr. Wilson gives a series of concerts next week on the songs of Scotland. This popular vocalist seems indefatigable in his exertions, which have already been crowned with so much success.

The Liverpool Philharmonic Society commences the Concert season, Feb. 22nd, on which occasion Miss Rainforth, Miss Sarah Flower, Messrs. Allen and Phillips are engaged.

READING.—Mons. Jullien has found his way into this great town, and astonished the natives. He has taken with him Miss Birch. His first promenade concert was given last Saturday.

## (Correspondence.)

SIR,—Some sarcastic remarks in your last ought, perhaps, to have deterred me from the present writing, but I reflect that ridicule is not reasoning, that inefficient performance, even on the flute, by no means indicates imbecility of intellect, and that a man may be able to appreciate Beethoven, Raphael, and Shakspeare, without ever producing anything of his own, either in music, painting, or literature; and, on the contrary, he may be able to play admirably, but not have the judgment to criticise; and this brings me to the point. In a recent number, some account was given of the *Seven Maids of Munich*, I think of *Trunkmaker's* writing, who, confessedly without a just appreciation, seemed so satisfied with this musical piece, that I concluded Rodwell had come out with something pleasing at least. My wife having insisted on being taken to the Princess's, I assented, and to my surprise, when within the walls, finding it was not to hear *Anne Boleyn*, I expostulated on being misled, and was "pooh'd" with—I came to laugh, not for serious thought. I found myself precisely in the same situation as the *Trunkmaker*: a part of the audience to witness the *Seven Maids of Munich*, without premeditating such an act. The *Trunkmaker*, in his article on this piece, accuses the audience of being a portion of the musical public, present to witness a musical piece, and even confesses that he thinks it has some pretensions to be considered good of its kind; at least, he was, for once, gratified with a musical piece. Now, sir, in all this he was wrong as I shall endeavour to show. There is always an amount of play-going people, who care not what they see, who like ourselves go to wile away an evening.

The audience, therefore, was not necessarily exclusively musical, and I am induced to think quite the reverse. Musical interludes, farces, &c., have had a conventional existence on the stage for a long period, but there is a vast difference between these and what that portion of the public having a musical taste would go to hear. All these pieces, to be properly constituted, should contain such situations where the ridiculous would be considerably enhanced by the position of the buffo, if we may use the term. Mr. Walton's stolid execution of the only attempt of this kind was remarkable, arising in part from this want of situation.

The songs for the principal female and male singers should have melodies at least, with character enough to impress themselves on the mind; and the waiting-maid should have a lively little piece in which to display the archness and vivacity essential to the character. The piece in question has none of these requisites, and substitutes nothing better in their place. This I am surprised at, because the composer in former times produced some very popular airs which are still in existence in the memories of many, I had nearly said all, who heard them.

Sound, even in harmony, is not necessarily pleasing, and the music of this piece has nothing beyond sound to recommend it to notice. The human voice is like the human form, *divine*, when only approaching perfection, and all the instruments in the world, individually or collectively, are infinitely below it in the delight it conveys when presented to us by an individual possessing a tolerable organ, but with a cultivated mind, experience, and judgment. Our composers and orchestras seem to think the reverse, that sound, the more powerful it is the better, and that to overpower the voice and sense is the only intention of instrumentation. I am as utterly ignorant of the words of any of the music in the piece in question as if I had never seen it; and, certainly, as to the melodies, on awaking up after the continuity of observation during the performance, not one presented itself as having made an impression on the memory. On inquiring of myself what had been heard, I could give no answer, except I had seen a farce in which Mr. Compton sustained the principal character; that some gentleman had uttered melodies, the words of which had never reached me; that I had heard a lady

whose voice was grateful to my ear, sing something which also failed to impress itself.

The conclusion to be derived from all this is, that there is a difference between a musical piece and a piece with music; and, I hope, *Trunkmaker* will agree with me in this. And now a word on other matters.

Although the melodies failed to reach the heart, the drums did not fail to be heard; and, perhaps, it may be remarked, what is the use of writing for a drum, if that is not intended? Some glimpses might have been caught of a little bit for the bassoon, that ought to have been heard, if the rest of the orchestra would have allowed it. I would humbly observe to the instrumentalists, that each is a part of a whole, and subservient to an end, of which that whole is only an accessory. They seem totally to forget this, and also that every gentleman should exert his capacity, leaving to the manager and leader the blame and responsibility of engaging feeble or inefficient performers. By capacity, power is not meant, but judgment; and if pains were taken by those capable, the incapable would soon disappear from the orchestra and from the profession. This it behoves them to take into consideration, for in the forthcoming inundation of musicians, after the extraordinary demand ceases, the weakest must go to the wall. But how can we expect orchestras to take any pleasure in the performance of a duty, that is shown by managers themselves to be worthy of so little consideration?

I have been present at a very excellent execution of the *andante* of the *Surprise*, when the bell mercilessly rung up the curtain before it was half completed: and now we do not get a chance of such a treat as this, for all that is furnished by way of musical entertainment is some wretchedly rapid waltz or mazurka, played over and over again, till it is weariness on the ear, to fill up the period of an impertinent actor's delay in dressing for his part; I say impertinent, because the time is known that each piece occupies to a very few minutes, and being in readiness at the time required, demands neither energy nor activity; if, then, you make an orchestra subservient as a stop-gap with such trash as is now unfortunately put before them to execute for the purpose, you destroy their own self-importance and consequent utility when anything really good is wanted. This slovenliness in the management I believe to be the real root of the imperfection of orchestras, and am fully satisfied it stands in the way of an improvement of the general taste. We have seen how deliciously the same persons can render sterling compositions under such men as Jullien; and yet with these materials, requiring only the outlay for music, no manager or leader has of late years even attempted to place before the public that which everybody knows will ensure approbation.

I think it was Alexander Lee who first adopted the plan of inserting in the bills the music that would be performed between acts and pieces—a very good plan had it been continued; but it soon ceased to be anybody's business, and is now, I believe, followed out only by the Haymarket, where Lanner, Straus, &c., fill the place where Beethoven and Haydn, Mozart and Weber might delight us, if it did not require more study than the leaders choose to give it.

Sir, I have long thought this to be regretted, and I trust I shall be excused for calling your attention to it, its amendment must advance the love for music, and also advantage the musician.

Yours, &c. G.

## THE DESCRIPTIVE POWER OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL.

SIR,—Perhaps the following anecdote will serve to illustrate the dispute that has taken place in your pages relative to the descriptive power of music. The circumstance took place during a short visit made to the residence of one of the potty German sovereigns. On the morning after my arrival at the palace, I was awoke very early by the music of the birds that serenaded me from among the foliage that almost touched the windows of my apartment. There is nothing more

delightful than such an arousal on a clear bright morning, when the mind has thrown aside all care but that for present enjoyment; a determination to do which being the true preparation for the tourist. I rose at once and descended to the park.

I found the prince already abroad, and actively employed in the destruction of sparrows by the assistance of his fowling-piece; his sporting costume being a morning-gown and a night-cap. He differed nothing in his appearance from one of the shopkeepers of his own principality, the entire extent of which was discoverable in one of its directions from the spot on which I stood.

"I must insist," said he, on our approach, "that you do not complete your notion of my possessions until you have heard Master Strantz; Master Strantz is my celebrity, he is my wonder, he is the extraordinary of my dominions; every court in Europe would envy me the possession of that man, were his fame equal to his deservings, and, as it is, there is more than one potentate that would willingly exchange for him his most populous village."

The prince observing that I hesitated, continued—"Master Strantz is my chapel master, a melodious treasure, a divine musician, who has chosen to bury himself and his genius in the obscurity of my court. He could not, however, have been better situated at the capital of Prussia. He has here an excellent orchestra, a select audience, and an unrivalled preponderance. He only wants a chapel. However I am about causing one to be constructed behind my gallery; and, in the meantime, we listen piously on the terrace, when the weather permits. Those are, I assure you, delightful evenings. You shall hear him to night. Everything has been arranged, for he is exceedingly anxious to have the satisfaction of a new auditor. Here he is! Silence!"

Master Strantz was a man of about fifty summers, short, puffy, having a nervous look, and with large round eyes. He wore the ancient powdered perriwig, in which Handel is painted, and carried a sword, ornamented with ribbons, by his side. His nether man sported tight inexpressibles buckled at the knees, while black silk stockings exposed, rather than ornamented, a couple of comically contrived legs, that lost themselves in a pair of high-heeled shoes, which were also buckled.

The prince seemed to treat him with great deference, always calling him Master when addressing him, and from the air of condescension with which Master Strantz appeared to listen, a stranger would at once have taken him for the prince himself.

"Are you a musician?" he asked me at once on introduction.

"It is not in your presence," I replied, with a profound inclination; "that I dare reply in the affirmative to such a question. I will only acknowledge that there are melodies which have remained from infancy in my memory, connected with strange circumstances, and that at certain seasons, when alone, and in a mood to cogitate upon the past, songs force themselves upon me, that I either compose or remember, which have a melancholy suggestiveness to singular but not unpleasant recollections of the past."

"The most which that can signify is, that you are poetic. Have you learned music?"

"In vocal music I have been sometime a student."

"I understand," interrupted Strantz, "you are simply, a man of taste, and you judge of music, independently of science, by the pleasure you receive from hearing it. This method has a false pretension to reason and common sense; but I will tell you, that the great misfortune to the arts is their being exposed to such judges. All study, all refined inspiration, all the essence of high composition is to them an intility, and has no existence. Nevertheless, as delicate organizations are uncommon, I esteem myself fortunate in such an auditor as yourself. You should understand the poetical effects of the science, and I will produce something this evening within your

grasp. Have you fully understood the symphony of Beethoven?"

"I ought to inform you," continued I, respectfully, "that I am deficient also in that appreciation of picturesque effects with which you have had the kindness to suppose me endowed. I never yet could comprehend the direct connection between a chord and a landscape, nor between the sounds of an organ and the rising sun. The hautboy reminds me simply of a dance upon the green and the horns of a hunting party. Now, you will agree that such means of indication are too circumscribed for an orchestra, when we consider the inexhaustible variety of nature. I know, also, that soft and languishing sounds express the tender, the delicate, and the calm; and that noise, hurry, and crash, signify anger, tempest, and tumultuous movement; but this is trifling, when compared to the extent to which musicians pretend in their compositions. That music may be expressive at the theatre I can conceive, for there its expression does not escape me; the gesture and the words of the actor translating the note and aiding its signification. But in music, left to its own nudity, and simply rendered by instruments, I seek in vain for an application, unless assisted by an explanatory programme; and then it is a puerility, similar to those bad paintings, on which it was necessary to write 'this is a cat,' for fear the spectator might take it for a crocodile."

"Shade of Beethoven," cried Master Strantz, his eyes bloodshot, and his visage inflamed with passion, "you are speaking of music composed by pretenders, and you are insulting those masters in whose works there is not a note without a distinct signification. What! is music then, after all, but a jargon? and has the composer for an orchestra no more range of sentiment than a pandean minstrel?"

Master Strantz was troubled. After a pause, however, he continued—

"You shall hear this evening a *symphonie d'expression*, without programme, sir; without programme. I will not even give it a title; and yet the honorable audience shall comprehend me; and you, sir, if you're a poet, you shall also comprehend me. This evening, I say! Without programme, sir, without programme!"

Strantz left us immediately. The prince, on his departure, desiring me to excuse his bluntness, but, at the same time, informing me that he was a man to keep his word, and that I should prepare myself for a defeat in the evening, upon which I might most assuredly calculate.

In the evening, the desks were carried to the ball-room, and the company, after supper, took their places upon chairs, ranged in a semi-circle, the prince being seated in the centre.

The musicians were at their posts, the instruments in tune, everything prepared, with bows in hand and the music books before their noses. We had, however, yet to wait a good quarter of an hour; at the end of which, however, Master Strantz appeared, and saluted the audience.

Every body was aware of his challenge, and it had been the subject of a general whisper. None of the company had any doubt, from what they knew of him, but that his experiment would be successful, and they made themselves up for an examination, to the minutest detail, of the intention and character of the forthcoming composition.

Master Strantz struck with his ebony baton against the desk before him, and, at a nod from the prince, he threw up his arm.

A grand chord was at once heard in the apartment that, gently diminishing, left the horns concertante. Then was a penetrating harmony, that took up the subject, and swelled it into grandeur, again to modulate into a passage, that created a trepidation of the nervous system until the return of the first *tutti* movement rose solemnly from the entire orchestra, and restored the attentive listeners. This was followed by an exquisite melody from the violoncellos, that was responded to by an echo plaintively produced by the flutes and oboes. The altos cried out as if they prayed to heaven, while the trembling of the harps replied to them from above, like a choir of seraphs. The

trumpets blasted away at intervals; as one chord awakened a thousand others, like birds concealed among the foliage. Unexpected passages interrupted each other rapidly, and seemed to spread themselves over the apartment, and lose themselves in space. The double-basses growled their protective accompaniment to all these sounds, without overcoming them, while the shrill fife wandered in the midst of the whole, like a nightingale hopping from branch to branch. Soon the brasses filled the air; the drums rumbled; the symbols screamed impatiently; the violins increased their pace to rapidity; all the sounds of the orchestra amalgamated themselves into one mighty clamour, and the formidable crescendo was followed by a terrific attack upon the kettle drums.

Master Strantz perspired profusely. His baton seemed to leap like lightning from point to point. His periwig seemed inspired by a fury, and lashing the air with its flapping wings, left nothing visible beyond the clouds of powder but the eyes of the master. "Heavens! how magnificent!" "Is not that stupendous?" "What expression!" "What abandon!" "What precision!" "It is beyond conception!" "It overpowers me!" "There's a passage!" "Mark that accompaniment!" "What painting!" "What passion!" "Do you comprehend?" "Who can miss it?" "You understand?" "Certainly!" "One can see—one can feel—and one can touch the sense!"

The piece finished with a long and solemn chord upon the wind instruments, which was lost in an echo. A thunder of applause succeeded that of the orchestra. Strantz rose and approached the company, mopping his face and wig with his handkerchief.

"Well!" said he, "is that clear? What was described?—Eh?"

Every one hastened to give an opinion—"It is no use asking." "You have triumphed!" "It is admirable!" "All is too evident!"

"Silence," interrupted Master Strantz, authoritatively, "Opinion must be unanimous. Begin, Councillor, what did it seem to you?"

"Me—eh?—why a tempest. The vessel quitted the port when the weather was fine and the wind fair. Day was on the finish, the waves caressed the sides of the bark, and we heard the songs of the sailors as they prepared themselves for repose. Then were vapours seen to form themselves in the direction of the setting sun. The grunting of the basses imitated perfectly the coming storm. The thunder is heard in the darkness, and the vessel pitches in the waves with a horrid clatter. The passengers raise their arms to heaven, and entreat most pathetically for mercy. At last the trombones get more gentle, and the morning commences to appear in the horizon, when the crew raise a hymn for their deliverance, their voices mingling with the last groans of the retreating tempest."

Master Strantz bit his lips with impatience.

"You are entirely wrong," cried a very corpulent baroness in a green turban, "that is not it at all, Councillor; your mistake surprises me; it was a village wedding that was described in this symphony. The call at the beginning was the awakening of the affianced pair with the tambourines and fifes, who march through the village to collect the guests. They began with a serenade beneath the windows of the bride. You must have remarked the simple cadence of the fife. They then proceeded joyfully to the church. While the young men are discharging muskets on the green, the voices of the young girls are heard to accompany the chant of the parish clerk. After the dinner the company are assembled in front of the house; the musicians tune their instruments in the midst of shouts of laughter, and the dance commences by a minuet, in which are exhibited the vivacity of the bridegroom, mingled with the ingenuous modesty of the bride. The old men are drinking under the trees at long tables. The cries of the domestics are heard above the sounds of the violins, and the day finishes with a noise of snatches of various songs sung together, and the breaking of glass."

The prince suffered for the disappointment of



his chapel-master, and took up the conversation as follows:

"I am surprised that persons of taste, like ourselves, should have been so much mistaken in the character of expression that belongs to this piece of music. The subject has been perfectly given, and, since none of you seem to have been able to perceive it, it must be told. It is nothing else than an ancient tournament. You observe the morning opens with an horizon bathed in warm vapours. Horns reply to horns in the plain, and all around is life and animation. Then you behold the cavalcades of knights and ladies fair that advance from the extreme distance, with bright armour sparkling from among clouds of dust. In the arena there is nothing to be seen but nodding plumes and rich attire, and waving pennons. Each lord makes his *entré* with his banner unfolded and a flourish of trumpets. All this resolves itself into a tumult of exclamations, the clash of armour, and the neighing of war-horses. The heralds give the signal, and the trumpets sound the charge. During the combat the hautboy is playing warlike airs. Each renewal is marked by the various pauses. At length a grand hurrah is heard from all parts; the conqueror receives the prize, and all the instruments combine in a song of triumph. This is, at least, what seems to me to be the subject expressed."

Master Strantz made a violent effort to contain himself, and the prince bent his eyes to the ground. "As for me," said a French lady, who was on her return from Baden, "I took the matter from the beginning to the end to be a quarrel and a making-up; something after the manner of an opera pastoral. I saw, in a manner that could not be doubted, the young lover in a sky-blue waistcoat, gathering roses from a bush in the side scene, the shepherdess leering archly from the corner of her eye through the cut-out branches of the opposite side. Then they both make gestures with their heads on one side, as if they were jealous of one another. He offers to present her with the bouquet, which she refuses. He then flings it away in anger, and commences a tune on his flageolet, the air getting more and more languishing as it continues. The shepherdess's ill-humour is observed gradually dissipating, and she gently approaches her lover; and—but I only got that far when the music ceased, and it seemed to me as if it should have gone further."

Master Strantz gnashed his teeth.

"As for me," said a young German, "it seemed to me, at first, as if I was floating in some elevated but darkened region of the air, in which I heard nothing but a stunning and confused hum of instruments about me. At length, the darkness seemed drawn aside like a curtain, and I perceived a series of enormous arches, that lengthened themselves into a nave of such immensity as filled me with wonder. A procession of females, dressed in white, advanced towards the foot of a throne, upon which was seated another female dressed, like them, in long white garments, with a crown of brilliants upon her head. This virgin had the features of a lady with whom I was very intimate some time ago. I then was confusedly sensible to a song of exceeding sweetness; and when I looked again the lady, whose features I remembered, was laid in a tomb sprinkled with flowers. Suddenly, there opened at my feet a horrible gulf, from which proceeded an infernal chorus that called out my name, accompanied by the tinkling of the cymbals. It is my custom to shut my eyes while listening to music. When I opened them the orchestra was still playing, and I think I must have been asleep."

An Englishman who had listened in a stooping position, now raised his bald head, and ventured gravely to begin:

"I was in the middle of a forest, to which the sound of a dulcimer had called three young girls. They turned so quickly round one another that nothing was visible but the sparkling of their rings of gold. Immediately their heads began to increase in size, and became three monstrous birds, like deformed skeletons, with very long noses, that lengthened as they approached to devour me, with

a continued series of horrible transformations. I then found myself upon a naked rock on a dark night; the trees shaking with a terrific noise; while a dragon flying across the firmament bent them to the earth with the wind created by the flapping of his huge wings. He, however, changed immediately into a puppet-show, from which Punchinello began swearing most outrageously against a regiment of light dragons that were passing with a band of music at their head. As they marched, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the officers replied by brandishing their swords, that glittered in the sun. The regiment returned conquerors, and carried me upon their shoulders in triumph. I was drunk with joy and the noise of trumpets; when I perceived a Jew's tabernacle on fire in a Greek church, while celestial songs seemed to issue from the roof toward a crowd of shoemakers that —"

Master Strantz knocked down three wax lights with a blow of his fist and ran out of the room. The prince sent after him for fear of some accident, and the company were in consternation.

One of the musicians then informed us that the subject of the symphony was the *condemnation and the execution of the brigand Kirch*.

Yours, F. G. H.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

FROM the dilemma country managers are so frequently in, it is reasonable to conclude they are the most short-sighted men of business in existence. They arrange for the commencement of their seasons, expending large sums in decorations and other preparatory movements, leaving, however, the ultimate result to chance. They lack fore-thought—they do not provide for casualties, for the failure of any of their productions, for the falling off of any of their *corps dramatique*, for the non-attractive qualities of any auxiliary with whom they may have entered into arrangements. And yet casualties will happen—pieces will fail—and stars will sometimes turn out a "dead letter." Commanders going into battle, although they doubt not of success, guard against on opposite result, and keep a reserve to fall back upon in case of the worst; but, theatrical managers are, generally speaking, above such paltry necessary considerations; they, "laying the flattering unction to their souls," make sure of success; too often, "counting their chickens before they are hatched." They think not of defeat, and so eschew everything like reserve, and yet, they but too often are forced to fall back, when having nothing to fall back upon—the consequence cannot but be fatal.

Why then do country managers pursue a system so fraught with danger? Simply, because they do not attach sufficient importance to the situation which they fill; they fancy managerial duties to be "trifles light as air," and that a theatre can be conducted without skill, judgment, or any knowledge of the profession; hence it is, that so many persons embark in management, who up to that moment had never been in a theatre but as a spectator, and what is the result? If they have money they are themselves taken-in—if they have none, they take-in everybody who will let them, and in either case the profession, as a profession, is sure to suffer.

Why will not country managers act by rule? and by calculating upon probabilities guard against untoward events? Are they not a thinking race of beings? Actors collectively are not; but the responsibilities connected with management ought to make them ponder well ere they enter upon so onerous an undertaking. They should mature their plans, and so arrange them as to be able at all times to bring them into action just as circumstances, *i.e.*, the state of their treasury, might require. Those (alas! how few) who are good tacticians, who really comprehend the art of management in all its multifarious ramifications, act upon principle, and conduct their establishment upon a given rule, being so prepared at all

points within the scope of human mutabilities, that they cannot at the beginning—looking to the end—exclaim—

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Vandenhoff opened here on Monday, in *Brutus*, in the play of *Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin*. He was, of course, well received, and played the part with his usual ability. On Tuesday he appeared as *Othello*, and was more than ably supported by Mr. Coudock as *Iago*, who, with Mr. Vandenhoff, was called before the curtain at the conclusion of the performance. The play was very respectably sustained by the other characters, with the exception of *Cassio*, which is quite beyond the present abilities of Mr. Dickenson.

GLASGOW.—Miss Helen Faucit, having sufficiently recovered her health, commenced an engagement for ten nights, on Monday last, at the Theatre Royal, in the character of *Pauline*, in the *Lady of Lyons*. Her welcome was most hearty, a numerous and fashionable audience expressing their delight at once more seeing her in a state of convalescence. Her acting of the part had lost none of its power; she felt what she had to portray, and so portrayed it as to make others feel too. *Claude Melnotte* was artistically sustained by Mr. Paumier, who has evidently devoted much study to the histrionic art. His conception was clear, and his embodiment free from rant and extravagant action. The rest of the characters were but indifferently acted. The theatre has been exceedingly well attended during the week. Glasgow is one of Miss H. Faucit's strongholds, where she is in high estimation, and most attractive.

EXETER.—The theatre was well patronised on the evening of Monday last, to witness the first appearance of Mr. H. Betty, who, in the character of *Hamlet*, commenced a short engagement. He was well received, and at the end of the play was summoned before the curtain. (A foolish custom, but gratifying to the actor.) On Wednesday he enacted *Othello*, and was again warmly greeted. He was ably supported by J. W. Benson (an actor of much merit), H. Frazer, Shelders, Miss Lewis, and Miss Palmer. Mr. G. Smithson is a low comedian, possessed of genuine talent, and Mrs. H. Frazer is a pleasing actress, and sings with taste and judgment.

On Monday next, and during the week, Mr. H. Betty will play at the Theatre Royal, Devonport.

NORWICH.—Hudson, of the Haymarket, has, during the past week, been on a professional visit at the Theatre Royal, which is too much out of fashion to be greatly patronised under any circumstance. Mr. Hudson is a considerable favourite, but light farces, and worn-out melodramas are not calculated to attract, especially when supported by an indifferent company.

ISWICH.—The African Roscius has made a decided impression; the novelty added to his capabilities have proved attractive, and his engagement has been renewed. Much praise is due to Mr. C. Poole, whose management is extremely popular, from the efficient manner in which the theatre is conducted.

ROCHESTER.—With this week the present season will terminate; the company playing at Maidstone on the 9th instant. On Tuesday last, *Hamlet* was performed to an excellent house, Mr. L. Melville sustaining the *hero* with more than common skill; nor were the other characters indifferently acted. Mr. J. L. Thornton is a liberal manager, and well deserves the patronage he has received.

ABERDEEN.—The theatre continues to thrive, and there is no doubt but the season will terminate with the same *clat* with which it commenced. The management is unremitting in its exertions, and the company exert themselves to make the *tout ensemble* complete.

The Brighton Theatre will terminate its season on the 8th instant, on which occasion Mr. Manager Hooper takes his benefit.

The Theatre, Boston, having passed into other hands, will open on the 20th instant, with an entire new company, under the management of Mr. Robson Daniels.

A theatre has been opened at Deal, but the chance of success appears extremely limited.

Mrs. C. Gill is engaged for a limited period, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where Vestris and Charles Mathews have been playing with great success.

## REVIEWS.

*Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. Bentley, Burlington-street. (Second notice.)

THE second volume includes the names of Crabbe, Hogg, Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Scott, Campbell, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Landor, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, Moore, Elliott, Wilson, Proctor, and Tennyson. And here, again, it will be impossible to enumerate the many localities which Mr. Howitt visited. Of Mr. Crabbe little more could be said than what is already known in the life prefixed to his works, and the description of the places in the works themselves. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, comes in for his full share of notice. And here we are tempted to quote some passages in which Mr. Howitt ably advocates the establishment of a society amongst authors. Every class, almost, clubs together for mutual benefit; authors, alone seem to keep quite aloof from one another:—

"They are in the wrong not to have combined long ago, like other professions, for the maintenance of their common interests, and for the elevation of the character of the class. They are a rope of sand. Cliques and small coteries may do and congregate, but there has ever been wanting amongst authors a comprehensive plan of union. It is true that their body is continually swelled by adventurers, and often characterless adventurers. He who succeeds in nothing else, thinks he can succeed as an author or the master of a school. These men, often unprincipled or poor, bring great reproach upon the whole body; and, accordingly, you hear authors commonly spoken of by publishers as a most reckless, improvident, unprincipled, and contemptible set of men. This is the tone in which publishers are educated—it is the tone that pervades their publishing-houses—it is the spirit and gospel of the Row. The authors of the present day are regarded by publishers exactly as they were in the days of Grub-street. In their eyes, they are poor, helpless, untractable devils. And whence arises this? It is because authors have taken no single step to place themselves on a different footing. Are authors now what authors were in the days of Grub-street? They are a far different body. They are a far more numerous, far more respectable body. We may safely assert, that there is no profession which includes so much talent, as there is none which diffuses such a vast amount of knowledge and intelligence through the world. They are the class, indeed, which are the enlighteners, and modellers, and movers of society. Yet, strange to say, invincibly powerful in the public cause, they are as weak as water in their own; capable of challenging offenders in the very highest places; arraigning at the public tribunal lords, peers, or the very crowned heads themselves; and sure, when they have truth on their side, of being victorious; yet they lie prostrate in individual weakness at the foot of every well-fed seller of a book, and receive his kicks with an astonishing patience. Nay, they have not the shrewdness of our butchers and bakers who hang together and grow rich; they are a set of Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every man of their own class, and every man's hand is against them."

And the suggestions he adds of the manner in which this could apparently be so easily managed are worthy of attention:—

"How small a sum contributed annually by every author, would soon raise a fund capable of not only succouring all cases of professional need, without recourse to the present Literary Fund, which is a degrading charity towards those who should establish a claim on a proper professional

fund for themselves? How small a sum would not only do this, but also present a noble fund for the support of every author's interest, the defence of every author's right!"

Mr. Howitt gives an example of his own experience of the views of publishers, towards authors:—

"Nearly twenty years of authorship have shown me much and sad experience; but nothing ever revealed to me the low estimation in which authors are held by publishers so much as a simple fact mentioned some time ago in *Chambers' Journal*, but which was witnessed by myself. I was in an eminent publishers, when the principal addressed the head clerk thus:—

*Principal.* 'Mr. — wishes to open an account with us. He is a publisher of some standing, and seems getting on very well: I think we may do it.'

*Clerk.* (Drawing himself up in an attitude of ineffable surprise.) 'Sir, he is an author!'

*Principal.* 'Oh! that alters the question entirely. I did not know that. Open an account—certainly not, certainly not!'

This is certainly a forcible illustration of Mr. Howitt's opinion, and which ought to strike deep into the hearts of those who consider themselves of the profession. We have given the extracts because we have considered that the promulgation of such should be made as extensive as possible, in the hope that the views of establishing an association, embracing the excellent object—of giving independence of body to those who in their writings, often show with such power and truth their independence of spirit.

There is much interesting matter related of Coleridge, his early life, his enlisting, and the now well-known stories of his adventures during his soldier's career, and his quickness of reply, of which we will give one which has not been so much noticed. Coleridge was riding towards the race-course at Durham, when there he made such a sorry display of horsemanship as to attract the attention of the crowd. He drew up near an elegant barouche, filled with ladies and gentlemen.

"In it was also seated a baronet of sporting celebrity, steward of the course, and member of the House of Commons; well-known as having been bought and sold in several parliaments. The Baronet eyed the figure of Coleridge, as he slowly passed the door of the barouche and thus accosted him, 'A pretty piece of blood, sir, you have there?'—'Yes,' answered Coleridge.—'Rare paces I have no doubt, sir?'—'Yes,' answered Coleridge, 'he brought me here a matter of four miles an hour.' He was at no loss to perceive the honourable baronet's drift, who wished to show off before the ladies: so he quietly waited the opportunity of a suitable reply:—'What a free hand he has,' continued Nimrod: 'how finely he carries his tail! Bridle and saddle well suited! and appropriately appointed.'—'Yes,' said Coleridge, 'Will you sell him,' asked the sporting baronet. 'My price,' replied Coleridge, 'for the horse, sir, if I sell him, is one hundred guineas; as to the rider, never having been in parliament, and never intending to go, his price is not yet fixed.' The Baronet sat down more suddenly than he had risen—the ladies began to titter. While Coleridge quietly now moved on."

We must pass on over the varied haunts of that most charming of poetesses, Mrs. Hemans, whose rural descriptions appeal so eloquently to the affections, of which her own heart was the ample receptacle. Over L. E. L., her exact opposite, whose whole soul and life, with the exception of the last melancholy period, was centered in the haunts of the great metropolis, and comes to that of Southey, the appearance of which has caused a correspondence between the late Laureate's wife, and the author. Mrs. Southey, in a letter which appeared in the *Athenaeum*, without having read Mr. Howitt's works, but because the *Athenaeum* attributed ill-feeling to Mr. Howitt's remarks, gives as the reason, her refusal to furnish any information about her late husband, in the following passage:—

"Was Mr. Howitt prepared to cast dirt on the name of Robert Southey, when he applied to his

widow for her recollections in aid of the good purpose? or was it upon her declining to contribute as requested, that taking a double aim, he shot the poisoned pin point at the heart of the living, through the memory of the departed."

This accusation Mr. Howitt triumphantly refuted in a letter, which appeared in *The Times* last week—that paper having before inserted Mrs. Southey's, as from the *Athenaeum*. But a vindication also appeared in the last number but one of the *Athenaeum*, in a letter signed "Justice," who, in proof of his statement, quotes the last passage in the description of Southey's *Homes and Haunts*, in which most beautiful allusions are made to Mrs. Southey. So far, then, Mr. Howitt stands completely exonerated. But more than this, in carefully perusing our author's remarks on Southey, which may appear strong, any one who recollects Byron's castigations will pronounce these almost harmless. We argue that Mr. Howitt could not have expressed himself in any other way; throughout these very pages he displays an uncompromising independence of spirit, and a decided hostility to any but liberal notions, and in all his writings his endeavours have been to uphold the aristocracy of talent, and to show how far superior it is to the mere worldly considerations of rank, &c. Mr. Southey, first professing liberal opinions, and then turning renegade to his former views, could not fail of calling up the indignation of an independent mind; but even these remarks are qualified by an earnest expression, not only of regret, but even esteem, for his private character.

"With all our admiration of the genius and varied powers of Southey, and with all our esteem for his many virtues, and the peculiar amiability of his domestic life, we cannot, however, read him without a feeling of deep melancholy. The contrast between the beginning and end of his career, the glorious and high path entered upon, and so soon and suddenly quitted for the pay of the placeman and the bitterness of the bigot, cling to his memory with a lamentable effect. Without doing, as many hastily do, regarding him as a dishonest renegade; allowing him on the contrary, all the credence possible for an entire and earnest change in his views; we cannot the less mourn over that change, or the less elude the consciousness that there was a moment when this change must have been a matter of calculation. They who have held the same high and noble views of human life and social interest, and still hold them, find it impossible to realise to themselves the process by which such a change in a clear headed and conscientious man can be carried through. For a man whose heart and intellect were full of the inspiration of great sentiments, on the freedom of man in all his relations, as a subject and a citizen as well as a man, on peace, on religion, and on the oppressions of the poor, to go round at once to the system and doctrines of the opposite character and to resolve to support that machinery of violence and oppression which originates all these evils is so unaccountable as to tempt the most charitable to hard thoughts."

After making many allowances and assuming some causes which may have influenced Southey's change of opinion, Mr. Howitt speaks of him in another place, "what a fall was that of Southey, from the poet of liberty to the laudator of crime, tyranny and carnage."—And then he adds—

"It is with deepest sorrow that I view Southey in this light, but the lesson to future poets should never be withheld. Truth is of eternal interest to mankind, and it can never be too often impressed on youth that no temporary emolument can make a millionth part of amends for the loss of the glorious reputation of the patriot. Allowing that Southey became sincerely convinced that he was right in his adopted political creed, his own private opinion cannot alter the eternal nature of things, and the fact is not the less a fact that his change was a mischievous and unworthy one."

Out of such language as this some trouble must have been taken to wrest the meaning that Mr. Howitt was embued with, "extreme ill feeling"



towards Southey. We think by thus giving both sides of the question that we have set that matter right. We must now bring to a conclusion our notice of these charming volumes into which, while expatiating on the homes and haunts of our poets, with all the interest that a warm and imaginative heart could bring to bear upon each individual as he must have felt for them, Mr. Howitt has infused into the pages the outpourings of a deep, and what is more, right-thinking, independent mind. The sentiments which are thus conveyed cannot fail to be highly instructive, for his great endeavour to set matters in a right point of view, so that, even while admiring the splendid genius of our greatest men, we may not be allured to a participation in any errors or failings to which even the most gifted are obnoxious to. We sincerely hope that the hint thrown out in the concluding remarks, that "there are numbers of poets whose residences undoubtedly will furnish further topics," he himself will bear in mind, and thus complete the glorious category of illustrious names to which our land of liberty has given birth to.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MADAME VESTRIS AND MISS CUSHMAN.**—When Madame Vestris was in the United States she saw Miss Cushman act at one of the theatres in that country. Miss Cushman was then playing a very different line of characters from those by which she has acquired so much popularity in England; and we may presume that they were not so well suited to the display of her eminent histrionic abilities, as Madame Vestris entertained but a slight opinion of her talents. When Miss Cushman attained such eminence in this country, Madame was of opinion that the public had made a mistake, and that the fair American would soon sink into obscurity. During the recent stay of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Matthews in Liverpool, they visited the Adelphi Theatre, and occupied a private box, where they witnessed Miss Cushman's performance of *My Merrilies*. They were astonished and delighted by the originality and excellence of that powerful delineation, and Madame Vestris is said to have declared, that she had not, for a considerable number of years, witnessed so impressive a piece of acting.—*Liverpool Albion*.

**MANCHESTER THEATRE ROYAL.—MRS. BUTLER.**—We noticed in our last, that Mrs. Frances Anna Butler, late Miss Fanny Kemble, had been in negotiation with Mr. Bunn for an arrangement at Drury-lane Theatre; but Mr. Bunn having offered her just one-half the amount she asked, she declined to accept an engagement there. We now learn, that this celebrated actress, after a retirement of some years into private life, is to make her first re-appearance on the British stage on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Manchester. We understand that she has expressed her gratification in being able to do so, as she had been deeply gratified by the kind and generous reception given to her father, Mr. Charles Kemble, in his various courses of Shaksperian readings in this town. It is not yet exactly known when Mrs. F. A. Butler's engagement commences; but, in all probability, during the present month. She makes her *début* here, after an absence of several years, in her original character of *Julia*, in Mr. Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Hunchback*; and, with the engagements we have just announced, and others which are pending, there seems to be good reason to expect that she will be ably supported, and that not only that play, but tragedies generally, will be effectively cast for representation. It is whispered that Mrs. Butler has two unpublished and unacted dramas of her own; and if her engagement here should prove as successful as we anticipate, we may possibly have one of them first produced before a Manchester audience.—*Manchester Guardian*.

M. Dupréz will soon leave Paris for a professional tour in Germany, his *repertoire* being translated into German. This gifted singer has never yet sung in German.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION.**—This exhibition opens on Monday. We have heard nothing of remark as yet, beyond a "Head," by Mr. Etty, of which report speaks highly. We shall, however, give an account of the exhibition in our next number.

## ON DIT,

It is now asserted (that is, since our article on the Italian Opera was in type) that Jenny Lind, alarmed at the difficulties which present themselves on her arrival in this country, in a letter to Benelli, positively declares she will not come. Mr. Lumley, it is said, has hurried off to the Continent to induce, if possible, a change in her determination, and also to secure Mendelssohn and the *Tempest*. We hope he will succeed in making certain of these uncertainties.

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BBB, EHB	8s. "
BBBB	12s. "

An allowance on every Gross purchased by artists or teachers.

May be had of all artists' colourmen, stationers, book-sellers, &c.

A single Pencil will be forwarded as a sample, upon the receipt of postage stamps to the amount.

**CAUTION.**—To prevent imposition, a highly-finished and embossed Protection Wrapper, difficult of imitation, is put round each dozen of Pencils. Each Pencil will be stamped on both sides, "Caligraphic Black Lead, E. Wolff and Son, London."

# ASSOCIATION

FOR

## THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

FOUNDED IN 1833.

*Committee of Management for the Year 1846—47.*

His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, &c.  
Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart.  
Professor Wilson  
Thomas Maitland Esq., of Dundrennan, M.P.  
James Tytler, Esq., Woodhouselee  
George Dundas, Esq., Advocate  
Dr. Monro

Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., Advocate  
James T. Gibson Craig, Esq.  
Dr. MacLagan  
George Patton, Esq., Advocate  
John T. Gordon, Esq., Advocate  
Edward James Jackson, Esq.  
Dugald Grant, Esq.

J. A. Bell, Esq., *Architect, Secretary, and Treasurer.*

*Honorary Secretary for London.*

Daniel Roberts, Esq., Page's Walk, Bermondsey.

*Agents for London.*

Messrs. Rowney, Dillon, and Rowney, 51, Rathbone Place.  
Mr. Cribb, 34, King Street, Covent Garden.

The object of this Association—the first established in the United Kingdom for similar purposes—is to advance the cause of Art in Scotland, by affording additional encouragement to its professors. The following is the

### CONSTITUTION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

I. Every Subscriber of One Guinea shall be a Member of the Association for one year; and every Subscriber of Two Guineas and upwards shall be a Member for the same period, and shall be likewise entitled to the privileges after-mentioned.

II. A General Meeting of the Members shall be held annually in June or July, when a Committee of Management shall be appointed for the ensuing year, each Member having an equal vote in the appointment of such Committee.

III. The Committee of Management shall consist of fifteen gentlemen who are not professional Artists, five of whom shall go out annually.

IV. The whole amount of Annual Subscriptions shall be under the control of the Committee of Management, and shall by them be devoted, after the necessary deduction for expenses, to the purchase of a selection from the Works of Art exhibited in the Annual Exhibitions in Edinburgh, to the Engraving for distribution among the Subscribers such Works of Art as may appear worthy of the distinction, and to the obtaining by public competition such designs, outline drawings, etchings, models, bas-reliefs, and other productions of Art, for the benefit of, and distribution among the Subscribers, as to the Committee of Management may seem expedient.

V. Each Subscriber of One Guinea shall receive one plain impression of every Engraving;—a Subscriber of Two Guineas one *proof* impression after letters,—of Five Guineas, one proof impression before letters.

VI. At the Annual General Meeting the different works purchased for the Association shall become, by lots publicly drawn, the property of individual Members, the Subscriber of One Guinea being entitled to one chance—of Two Guineas to two chances, and so on.

VII. The Committee of Management shall publish a report each year, wherein they shall state the principles that guided them in the selection of the Works of Art they may have purchased, and enter into such other details as may appear to them proper.

VIII. At the Annual General Meeting a Secretary and Treasurer shall be appointed out of the fifteen Members of the Committee of Management, and whose especial duty it shall be to keep correct Lists of all the Subscribers, to collect their subscriptions, and, under the direction of the Committee, to carry into effect every arrangement for furthering the views of the Association.

Members for the year 1846-7 will be entitled, besides their chances of receiving a valuable Work of Art, two copies of a Line Engraving, which is at present being executed on a large scale, and in the very highest style of Art, by the celebrated engraver, Mr. WILLIAM MILLER, from a beautiful and impressive Picture of "Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe," by Mr. J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Intending Subscribers are requested to furnish their names and addresses to the Honorary Secretaries in their respective localities, or to the Secretary in Edinburgh, with as little delay as possible, so as to enable the Committee to make an early selection from the Exhibitions which open in February.

### LIST OF ENGRAVINGS ISSUED.

1836.  
"THE TAKING DOWN FROM THE CROSS,"  
Painted by David Scott, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Mezzotint by Robert M. Hoggets.

1837.  
"THE STRAYED CHILDREN,"  
Painted by William Bona, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Mezzotint by Thomas Lupton.

1838.  
"THE EXAMINATION OF SHAKSPEARE,"  
Painted by George Harvey, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by Robert Graves, A.R.A.

1839.  
"LOCH AN EILAN,"  
Painted by Horatio McCulloch, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by Robert Graves, A.R.A.

1840.  
"A CASTAWAY,"  
Painted by George Harvey, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by Robert Graves, A.R.A.

1841.  
"THE MOMENT OF VICTORY,"  
Painted by Alexander Frazer.  
Engraved in Line by Charles Rolls.

1842.  
"AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT  
THE BRUCE,"  
Painted by Sir William Allen, R.A., F.R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by John Burnet.

1843.  
"ITALIAN GOATHERDS ENTERTAINING  
A BROTHER OF THE SANTISSIMA  
TRINITA,"  
Painted by Robert S. Lauder, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by W. Miller.

1844.  
"THE GLEE MAIDEN,"  
Painted by Robert S. Lauder, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by Lumb Stocks.

1845.  
"RUTH,"  
Painted by Robert S. Lauder, R.S.A.  
Engraved in Line by Lumb Stocks.

1846.  
"THE TEN VIRGINS,"  
Painted by James Eckford Lauder.  
Engraved in Line by Lumb Stocks.

The distribution of this Plate will take place in the month of February, 1847.

1847.

"KILCHURN CASTLE ON LOCH AWE."

Painted by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

Now being engraved on a large scale, and in the highest style of Art, by WILLIAM MILLER.

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